

March  
1938



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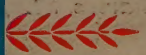
# CHRISTIAN HERALD

LEVEL  
ONE



25¢

MORE THAN 20 FEATURES  
STORIES AND ARTICLES



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## The Gospel . . . According to St. John.

"There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe. He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light." (St. John 1:6)

**T**HE Bowery Mission's St. John does not feel that he ever will attain the beauty of soul of the Disciple St. John but inasmuch as he had heard His call and accepted his stewardship in God's service he, too, has become one of Christ's disciples.

Charles St. John had long felt the call to serve His master and long fought against the sacrifice demanded by the acceptance of that call; after he entered His service, he still had a long and bitter fight. In trying to hide from God St. John had lost himself; he became a slave to the cruellest of masters who never lets loose his control until he has his victim beaten; for weeks and even months St. John would feel sure the fight was won only to meet defeat again.

Each time he was ready to give up, some human hand would give him the lift he needed to get out of the mire, someone always came to his rescue. Today, when the battle has been won, he sings that beautiful hymn "The Touch of His Hand on Mine" and knows the beauty of its every word.

With his Baptist background Charles St. John preaches evangelism with a steadfast belief in the Bible from cover to cover. Fundamentalism is good enough for him for he knows that it is only through faith such as this that men can be saved from themselves. He knows the strength of the enemy and the weapons he needs to fight him. He never tires of holding out his hand again and again to help men out of the mire of drunkenness and crime into which they have sunk. For St. John, no soul is lost while there is strength to fight.

A preacher discouraged and beaten by life seeks the comfort and peace of the Bowery Mission and the strength of its pastor; a man who has done time for larceny and has been called skull-crusher because of the service he rendered while in jail accepts St. John as his teacher and protector in the new life he is living; a boy who has not the strength to fight alone feels the courage of one who has known defeat many times; an old man feels peace and happiness in his new-found "son"—the Gospel according to Charles St. John!



# A Definite Experience of Faith and Consecration Is Our Heritage

April = May = June

## The Upper Room

Every Christian owes more to the past than the fact of a Christ who is our divine Lord. The experiences of redeemed men are our most precious heritage. In their hearts and lives have been demonstrated the evidences of the saving grace of the Son of God.

On May 24th more than 10,000,000 Methodists throughout the world are commemorating the Aldersgate experience of John Wesley, in which he uttered those words cherished by evangelical believers the world around, "I felt my heart strangely warmed."

The April, May, June issue of THE UPPER ROOM is dedicated to the faith of millions of Christians in a definite experience of faith and consecration that warms the heart of the confessing believer.

Remember that THE UPPER ROOM, EL APOSENTO ALTO, is now available in Spanish at the same price and on the same terms as the English edition.

Of course, all pastors will want a supply of this issue and we advise you to place your order early. It is now ready for you.

Five cents per copy in quantities of 10 or more. Individual, yearly subscription, 30 cents; foreign, 40 cents.

"Did not our hearts burn within us while He opened to us the scriptures?"  
Luke 24: 32.

Order from

### THE UPPER ROOM

650 Doctors' Building

Nashville, Tenn.

By courtesy F. Bruckmann, Munich  
and Rudolf Lesch Fine Arts, Inc., New York

Artist: Fritz von Uhde



# Just Between OURSELVES



WHERE READERS AND EDITORS MEET TO EXCHANGE IDEAS AND TALK OVER THEIR PROBLEMS

## Church Building

"Dear Editor:

"I can't understand why you print so much about church building. After all, only a few of your readers ever face the problem of building a church." (Signed), B.S.T.

"Dear Editor:

"Why so much stir about church building? Isn't God present no matter where Christian people worship?" (Signed), R.O.S.

Unfortunately, it is too true that only a comparatively few of our readers ever face the problem of building a church. Equally true is the statement that God is present wherever Christian people worship. Nevertheless, the editors believe that church building and design are a subject which should be everlastingly stressed by every religious journal.

We once asked the late Dr. S. Parkes Cadman how he felt about this question. "In the old days," was his answer "when the people lived in log cabins, it was entirely fitting for them to worship in log cabins, but now that our homes are steam heated, our banks marble columned and our schools air-conditioned, it isn't much of a compliment to God to be content to worship in poorly planned, poorly designed churches."

There is more than architectural beauty involved in our program—there is planning, economy and efficiency. Not long ago a church wrote us that they had saved fifteen per cent on costs and actually built a better building because they had adopted a suggestion made in one of our building articles.

For many years now we have been hammering away at the idea that beauty and service can be woven into a church

only through the skill of a competent architect who has had experience in church design.

Perhaps equally important is the education of building committees in the essentials of a worshipful, adequate structure. Whether your church plant will cost \$10,000 or \$1,000,000—this basic point does not change.

So in this, our Spring Church Building issue, you may read much about churches. Even if you do not expect ever to serve on a building committee, we hope you will find the articles interesting; and who knows but that your church may burn down tonight? Hundreds do every year.

## Error

Dear Editor:

Doubtless others of your subscribers have written regarding the error under one of the pictures in "The Story of Jacob" on page 35 of the January, 1938, issue of *Christian Herald*.

It says "When he had worked seven years for Rachel, Jacob served another seven years to win Leah". This is not correct according to the Bible and it is too bad to have such an error appear in a paper with so wide a circulation.

Jacob served seven years and expected to win Rachel for his wife, but Laban gave his eldest daughter, Leah, to Jacob first, and so Jacob served another seven years for Rachel.

I trust a correction may be made so your readers, especially the young, may know the truth.

God bless the efforts you are making to give people a clean, splendidly religious magazine, unsullied with liquor and cigarette advertisements.

Yours in the Master's service.

Laura McLallen  
Ithaca, New York

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We stand corrected. And we hope that whenever our readers find inaccuracy in *Christian Herald* they will point it out.

In spite of all our safeguards, now and then something like this happens.

That reader McLallen's generous comment at the close of her letter is appreciated goes without saying.

## Guaranteed Loans

Dear Editor:

Does the Federal Housing Act apply to loans for church construction?

Loans guaranteed by the U. S. Government are available for church modernization, under the Housing Act just passed by Congress and signed by the President. This act does *not* guarantee loans for new church buildings. For complete information write to the Bureau of Church Planning, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



# The Fourth in a Line of Navy Men can't take chances with his teeth and gums!



## Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

THERE are traditions to uphold, ambitions to fulfill...when you're fourth in a line of Navy men! And what could be more important to a Navy future than clean, brilliant teeth in firm, healthy gums. That's why this young man is practicing daily what his teachers taught him—regular massage of the gums for *healthier* gums and *sounder* teeth.

Right in the schoolroom, these children are being taught the importance of

massage to healthy gums, *the importance of healthy gums* to sound teeth. Even at their age they know that today's soft, fibreless foods rob gums of work and health. Even at their age they know about "pink tooth brush" and what it can threaten to sound, sparkling teeth.

"Pink tooth brush" is simply a warning—nothing more. But if you see it—*see your dentist!* It may or may not mean serious trouble ahead, but let him be the one to decide. Usually, however, his verdict will be, "Gums that need more work and exercise," and often, very often, "gums that will respond to the healthful

stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the health of the gums as well as clean the teeth. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little *extra* Ipana into your gums. Circulation is awakened within the gum tissues. Gums tend to become stronger—teeth gain a brighter lustre.

Try Ipana, today. Remember, only with healthy gums and sparkling teeth—can you have a *radiant* smile!

▲ ▲ ▲

**DOUBLE DUTY**—For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's new *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.

## FOR BRIGHTER, HEALTHIER SMILES—IPANA AND MASSAGE

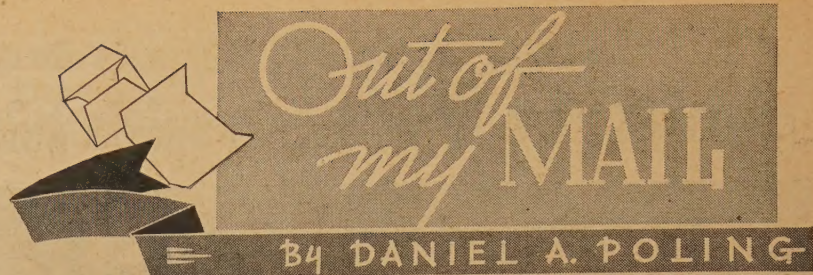


# IPANA

Tooth Paste







ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

## MEANING OF LENT

*What is Lent?*

**L**ENT is literally a fast of forty days, excluding Sundays, observed annually from Ash Wednesday until Easter by practically all Christian churches. The Roman Catholic Church, the Anglican, and other liturgical churches give it particular ceremonial attention. It is kept as a special season of penitence, self-denial, and self-examination. For those who enter into its true spirit it becomes a ministry of spiritual enrichment.

## BOYCOTT ON JAPAN?

*Do you favor the boycott of Japanese goods?*

**I** WOULD if I thought that this particular boycott would do what its proponents believe and desire. My position with regard to diplomatic action in the Orient has been clearly stated, but a single boycott would, I fear, only aggravate the situation.

There are peacemakers who eagerly support the boycott of Japanese goods, but there are others who question whether Japanese war lords would be stopped by the loss of a mere seventeen million dollars a month, and who point out that one hundred thirty-eight thousand American workers are employed in factories manufacturing stockings and other goods from raw silk; also that millions of Japanese peasants who are in no way responsible for their country's attack on China, make their precarious living by raising silk worms.

These peace advocates believe that hope in the Orient lies presently in the hearts of the Japanese people, who in recent elections have declared themselves overwhelmingly against their military party.

## AMERICANS IN CHINA

*Do you not think that Americans should get out of China, and get out fast—that we should take our gunboats off the rivers and our marines from where they can get us into international trouble?*

**T**HERE are many leaders of the peace movement who believe just this—that

we should get out of China and get out fast. But unfortunately, it is not as easy as that! Americans have been in China for more than one hundred years. I have two friends who were born in China more than eighty years ago. China is their home, their work, their life.

Scores, hundreds, thousands of Americans are scattered throughout the vast land, in business, in education, in religion. Less than two years ago I purchased a pair of gloves in Hankow from a young American who was the third generation of his family in China. My cousin, John Beck, stands in his father's place at the head of an educational institution on Lake Tungting. He is in the very heart of this trouble. He was born where he lives and works.

Knowing the problem as I know it, I say again—the answer suggested by the question is not as easy as it sounds. More, the principle involved is fundamental. We seldom escape trouble by getting out. We seldom solve problems by leaving them. In the present stricken world, Americans could continue "getting out" until there would be nowhere to go after they got out!

## THE "SIXTY FAMILIES"

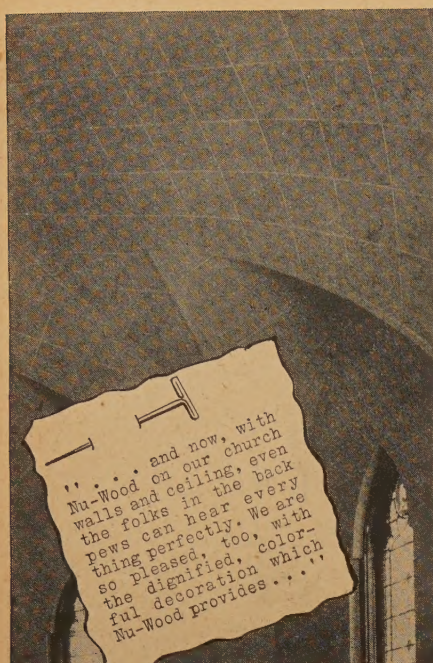
*What do you think of the cabinet member's attack on the sixty so-called wealthiest American families? Does this not tend to set class against class in America? Can it do the country any good?*

**I** THINK the attack referred to does set class against class in America. I do not think that such an attack can possibly do the country any good. Rather, I think it does real harm.

As to the attack itself, I think it was unfair, untrue and vicious. No doubt, there are malefactors in that list, but certainly not all are bad. Indeed some of these, to my knowledge, have been and are benefactors of mankind.

I do not believe the President will endorse the attack. At least three of the sixty families are among his most loyal supporters.

Again, I say that the attack as made was in my opinion unfair, untrue, and vicious. Such things are not good for America.



*Your services emerge  
in FULL BEAUTY  
when you control sound  
with*

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MUSIC AND SPEECH are a vital part of religious expression. Nu-Wood, the modern interior finish for churches, allows them to be heard in their full beauty... unmarred by annoying echoes... undimmed by extraneous noises. Yet Nu-Wood exacts no premium of high cost for this extra value!

A multiple-purpose wall and ceiling covering, Nu-Wood is peculiarly suited to church decoration. Its colors are soft and harmonious. Its texture and pattern achieve the dignity which your church building demands. And Nu-Wood fits into even the most modest church budget, because it is so surprisingly low in price.

Quickly and easily applied, Nu-Wood can completely transform the interior appearance of your church. Let us show you how Nu-Wood is being used in churches, both large and small, today—mail the coupon for information and illustration.

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THE INSULATING  
INTERIOR FINISH



Nu-Wood... Products of Weyerhaeuser... Balsam-Wool

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Room 161-3, First National Bank Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Gentlemen: I want to know more about Nu-Wood for  
☐ New Construction ☐ Remodeling. Please send me complete information and illustration.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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#### YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE CHURCH ATTENDANCE

*Do you think a man can be successful in business, investing money, if he only attends church once a year, on Easter morning? This man also drinks, but thinks very well of himself, because he is always doing kind deeds for his many friends, who admire him greatly.*

A GREAT many are successful in business and their financial investments who do not attend church even once a year. Some of these are admired by their friends for their many fine qualities. But certainly I should not call them successful in the larger sense. They are sad failures, and in the long run their failure becomes apparent even to their friends. They lose the better part; they never attain the finer achievement; they may come at last to disillusionment and tragedy.

#### OFFENSIVE RADIO PROGRAMS

*Did you hear the Mae West skit? It was simply r-o-t-t-e-n! What should be done about such invasions of the Sunday atmosphere and of the American home by unscrupulous radio merchants? Would you lead or favor a campaign for government ownership and operation of radio? Is this the answer?*

NO! In my opinion, this is not the answer. Certainly I would not lead nor support such a campaign. I would not exchange our American system for the British. I am familiar with the British. The answer lies in correcting abuses rather than in wholesale condemnation.

Sunday programs particularly need more careful consideration. Too many are inappropriate and some are, in my opinion, worse than inappropriate. Unless there is improvement, drastic measures will certainly be taken by an aroused general public; but freedom is a priceless thing—freedom on the air and in the press and in school and church. This freedom must not be surrendered.

Nor let us forget the time and cooperation given by great radio companies to religious, educational, and cultural programs. Literally, millions of dollars are represented here. My own National Youth Radio Conference, which enjoyed all facilities of the National Broadcasting Company for more than ten years, is an example in kind.

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## Smiles sparkle when you wake a "Drowsy Mouth"



# *Fight Acid* WHEN YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH

IT ISN'T DIFFICULT to understand why a smile can be brighter and more charming when your mouth feels refreshed and vigorous.

To have this fresh and vigorous feeling, ordinary brushing is not enough. You should *fight acid* when you brush your teeth!

For acids are present wherever food particles ferment. These are the acids that are a common factor in tooth decay. Also such fermentation may cause a disagreeable taste and mar the freshness of the breath.

Squibb Dental Cream has as a principal ingredient an antacid that is known to be pure, reliable and safe. When it comes into contact with acids in the mouth, it neutralizes them—thus alkalinizing and "freshening" as it cleanses.

Get a tube of Squibb Dental Cream at your drug store—use it at least twice a day to brush your teeth and massage your gums.

And never forget that, by adequate professional service and proper daily care, *most tooth decay can be prevented.*

*SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER—has the same scientific advantages as Squibb Dental Cream*

# SQUIBB


ACID-NEUTRALIZING *Dental Cream*



THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER




# 2-STEPS IN FIGHTING COLD DISCOMFORT OF




**1.**

**Enters Body  
Through Stomach  
and Intestines  
TO EASE PAIN**

**2.**

**RELIEVES  
THROAT PAIN  
AND  
RAWNESS**



## GENUINE Bayer Aspirin Gives You These 2-FOLD Results FAST

The speed with which Bayer tablets act in relieving the discomfort of colds and accompanying sore throat is utterly amazing . . . and the treatment simple and pleasant. This is all you do.

Crush and dissolve three genuine BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in one-third glass of water. Then gargle with this mixture twice, holding your head well back, allowing a little to trickle down your throat.

This medicinal gargle will act almost like a local anesthetic on the sore, irritated membrane of your throat. Pain eases promptly; rawness is relieved.

And—when you use this Bayer Aspirin treatment you are acting on

medical experience. For, instead of unknown remedies you are using a remedy known to doctors throughout the world—a daily stand-by in millions of families.

Use this way regularly to ease the pain of sore throat accompanying a cold. We believe your doctor will approve it. You will say it is remarkable. And the few cents it costs effects a big saving over expensive "throat gargles" and strong medicines.

When you buy, see that you get genuine BAYER ASPIRIN by asking for it by its full name—"Bayer Aspirin"—not the name "aspirin" alone.

### THE REASON BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST

Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a tumbler of water.

By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.

This speed of disintegration enables genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets to start "taking hold" of headache and similar pain a few minutes after taking.



VIRTUALLY A PENNY — **1¢** PER **TABLET**

Now you get 24 tablets for only 25c





# NEWS DIGEST *of the month*



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

## *The Case of The Starving Dean*

**W**E MENTION it only because it is forced upon us: from magazines and newspapers there stares at us the face of the starving Dean, emaciated, death-like, horrible. And many a laughing critic is asking, "Is this what Christianity has come to?"

The answer is no. This is not what Christianity has come to, but what the Dean has come to. The Church tried the idea of starving the body to feed the Spirit back in the Dark Ages, and gave it up as a bad job.

The Church became a feeding institution. It distributes the Bread both in a spiritual and in a physical sense. Its ministers, we suggest, are called to feed the souls of men rather than to starve themselves down to the gates of death for the sake of their own. Stephen was a deacon, set apart to see that the widows and the orphans had enough to eat and a roof over their heads. The Stephens have multiplied with the years; the Church has fed more people than this world dreams of.

The real tragedy here lies not so much in the harm the Dean has done to himself, as in the harm that he has done the Church. He has changed nothing, helped nobody, proved nothing, except that a man must keep himself physically fit if he would do the work that's waiting to be done on this earth for God. The Creator gave us fields of wheat and the fruit of the tree for just that purpose; He meant us to eat it.

One other aspect of the case has had little attention. The friends of the Dean are still his friends; they sent flowers to the hospital. And the doctors who waited for him to come to the hospital worked with the skill God gave them to save his life. Through the hand of the friend and the hand of the doctor, God did His work; those hands mean more than the weak white hand of an emaciated zealot.

People are hungry. Mankind is athirst. This is no time to run away in medieval retreat, but a time to stand fast and work hard. It is inconceivable that God put any one of us here in such an hour, gave us life and learning and strength, and then demands of us that we take our own lives and destroy his creation in useless suicide.

## « AT HOME »

### WASHINGTON

**WHY THE BIGGEST NAVY?** We have a sailor for a President. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt laid down the North Sea Mine barrage. As a citizen, he is a collector of ship-models. As President, he has a head full of plans for the biggest Navy in American history.

He says that "world conditions" have forced his hand; that this new bigger Navy will mean more work for the unemployed and a warning to the world. Maybe so. But W.P.A. figures show that ship-building programs help less in employing the unemployed than any other. And no sooner had the President spoken of building two 35,000 ton battleships than Italy announced she would build two just like them, and France said she would build two just like them, and Russia said she would build a shipyard to turn out as many as she wanted.

### FATHER TIME AND THE COURT:

Next to the Navy, capital gossip is concerned most with the changing complexion of the Supreme Court. Solicitor-General Stanley Forman Reed, a tobacco-grower from Kentucky, takes the post left vacant by Justice Sutherland; even the

most conservative conservative says it's a good choice. Reed is a legalistic liberal more conservative than Justice Black and more radical than Justice Sutherland. His presence on the bench adds one more to the liberal bloc, and leaves but two conservatives: MacReynolds and Butler. And the end is not yet. Justice Cardozo is probably through; Justice Brandeis is eighty-one and Chief Justice Hughes is seventy-five. When they go—who?

Father Time is doing for the President what Congress wouldn't do.

**WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCES:** Both Capital and Labor called at the White House last month. First went five from Big Business: Colby Chester of N.A.M., Clement of Pennsylvania Railroad, Brown of Johns-Manville, Sloan of General Motors and Weir of National Steel. No report on their conversation, to date. Declared Mr. Sloan: "We have a better understanding of each other's problems." Said Mr. Weir: "I want to go to Bermuda." So much for that.

In their wake came another, queerer taxi-load of callers: John L. Lewis, Owen D. Young, Thomas Lamont, Augustus Berle Jr., Charles Taussig and Philip Murray. (Here are represented Big Business, N. R. A. and C. I. O.!) They went

in sober-faced and came out grim. No report on *that* conversation. Never, said one of them, had the President been talked to as he was talked to that day; they told him this was no mere business "recession", but something far more serious; demanded a stronger leadership and a more coherent labor policy, stormed at further price-cutting and said business was utterly bewildered by Presidential policy. Just what was Mr. Roosevelt planning to do? Mr. Roosevelt didn't say.

John L. Lewis seemed grimmer than grim. He has reason to be. When he's not worrying about F. D. R., he can worry about Mayor Frank Hague, who has him all but beaten in Jersey City. Or about David Dubinsky, rebel leader of his Ladies' Garment Union, who blames Lewis flatly for the fruitless peace deliberations between C. I. O. and A. F. of L. There is treason in the ranks!

**NEW JERSEY:** Every automobile owner in Jersey reads his mail carefully these days; any day, the postman may leave him a card from the Department of Motor Vehicle Inspection ordering him to appear with his Buick or his Ford for State inspection. It's a new law, and a strict one.

During the first inspection week, 54.3





© International News Photo

At the Episcopal Church of St. Ann's, for the deaf, in New York City, two members of the choir are "singing" by means of rhythmic motions at the anniversary services of the old church, where services for deaf mutes have been held for eighty-five years

per cent of the 38,832 autos tested were rejected; lighting defects accounted for 23,336 rejections, faulty brakes for 23 per cent more. No less than 174 drivers presented themselves without license cards!

Some Jerseyites are petitioning the Governor to repeal the law; they say it's a racket for the politicians and the garagemen. Others hail it with high praise, glad that it will rid the road of a host of dangerous old wrecks that are a menace to everybody. It cost this editor \$11.50 to get his car past the inspectors. He's for the law.

**PHILADELPHIA:** Seventy-two years old and with two broken ribs, a white-haired veteran of Pennsylvania politics threw his hat gleefully into the ring this week and announced himself a candidate for Governor. He has been Governor twice. He is Mr. Gifford Pinchot, rebel, reformer, and upsetter extraordinary.

It is a typical Pinchot performance. Astute and experienced in the art of getting the jump on his opponents, he has stolen the spotlight and thrown the opposition's plans into confusion. Just when Mayor S. Davis Wilson thought he had the nomination "in the bag," along comes this old man, widely influential and popular politically, to give them a choice they don't want: to either chance a fight with him, or climb on the bandwagon even though they don't want him. They'll probably climb on: many of the Mayor's political friends are talking of supporting Pinchot.

It will be fun to watch it, and a good fight!

**MISSISSIPPI:** Governor Hugh White of Mississippi was elected a few years ago on a wild promise to keep Huey Long from taking over the State. He did it. He also piled up a five-million dollar surplus in the State treasury. So prosperous has his Mississippi become that all homesteads worth less than \$2500 are exempt

from State taxes. And there are plenty of homesteads in that class.

Now the genial governor urges the State legislature to exempt *all* homesteads. How? That's up to the legislature. The Governor admits that an Amendment may be necessary, and that "Our people would overwhelmingly ratify such an amendment." What people wouldn't?

Governor White enjoys being Governor, but "... What I would rather do than anything else is to sit on the fence and listen to a little pig three months old crack corn."

**NEW JAIL:** In his recent Budget message to Congress, the President spoke of a \$1,500,000 for three new prisons. One of these, department officials say, will be exclusively for women: an Alcatraz for the gang-moll and the lady tough.

There is already a strictly female prison at Alderson, West Virginia; its capacity of five hundred has been exceeded for years. Women are held, under emergency arrangements, in the State prisons of New Jersey, Minnesota, Tennessee and Ohio, the majority of them in the Cincinnati workhouse.

The new prison will be located either in eastern Kentucky, eastern Texas, or at Bragg, Oklahoma. The federal prisons men seem to favor Bragg.

**MADISON, WISCONSIN:** History was made this month at Madison, the stamping-ground of old monopoly-hating "Fighting Bob" La Follette. Twelve good men and true trooped into a jury box and said of sixteen Midwest oil companies and thirty executives, "Guilty!" It is the biggest anti-trust action since the Standard Oil dissolution in 1911.

Found guilty by a jury of small-town business men and farmers, the convicted men and companies will appeal. More important than their appeal is the effect of their conviction on other trust-busting cases now being pushed by the Department

of Justice. This is a precedent that will be used when the rubber, coal-carrying railroads and telegraph monopolies face the bar.

The government has won the first round.

**PALM BEACH, FLORIDA:** If a newly-wedded husband wants to loaf, he has Biblical sanction for it, says Judge Akerman of Tampa. He read this, from Deuteronomy 24:5, to a witness who pleaded that he had a wife but no job: "When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business; but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up the wife which he hath taken."

If I'd only known my Bible better, on my wedding day!

**NEW YORK:** At the Automat, you drop a coin in a slot and out comes your lunch. For the past five months, strikers outside the doors of Manhattan's Automats have been dropping to the sidewalk and threatening to lie there until the manager came out and raised their pay.

Less than 500 out of Automat's 5600 employees did that, but they did it so well that seventy-three of them went to jail for ninety days, eight police were hurt, and ten per cent of New York's police force put on permanent strike duty. Now that it's all over, New York is sad. Those crowds out for the noon hour will have to find something else to laugh at, and there is no other lie-down strike in town, just at present.

**MEXICO:** Mexico is coming out of the red. She was in deep and going deeper, as the expensive reform-program of President Cardenas went on and on. But relief is in sight: the United States has agreed to buy 5,000,000 ounces of Mexican silver every month in 1938 and 35,000,000 ounces of the Bank of Mexico's silver reserve.

Mexico's Finance Minister Suarez calls it "the greatest aid ever vouchsafed by the United States to a Mexican regime." He also admitted that he was considering a reduction of the three per cent surtax on Mexican imports, and he hinted at a solution of the oil problem that has alienated American capital for some months back.

President Cardenas is overjoyed. He plans a new Polytechnical Institute which will cost \$500,000. Easy come, easy go!

## ABROAD

**FRANCE:** In the French Chamber of Deputies are 82 Communists, 183 Socialists, 116 Radical Socialists and 237 Rightists—none with a majority. Long attempting the impossible, the joining of all these in a united People's Front, has been energetic Leon Blum. Then his government fell, his Cabinet resigned.

A comedy of errors followed: nobody could be found to set up a Cabinet, or a government acceptable to the hopelessly divided Chamber. There was even talk of restoring the monarchy. Desperate, President Lebrun at last called in the Premier who has just resigned: Camille Chautemps!



Chautemps picked a Cabinet without a single Communist.

Observers agree that this Cabinet cannot last; the Chamber of Deputies approved it only to give Chautemps a chance to work out something better, and he will not be able to do that, for the situation is still as it was before he first resigned. Confronted with the hopeless task of stabilizing the currency and pacifying an embattled Labor element, he can but fail.

Back of all this confusion are two clear reasons: One is economic: a fatal cycle of strikes, forced wage increases and consequent higher prices, currency depreciation and the exporting of French gold. The other is political: fear of the Communist, fear that Moscow itself is directing the labor war. This political fear may explain why France seems to be swinging away from the Left, back to the Right.

**CAIRO:** Two years ago at Buckingham Palace two young men shook hands. They were Edward VIII and Farouk I of Egypt. They had much in common. Both were blonde. Both had minds of their own. What happened to Edward is history; what will happen to Farouk is being settled now, in Cairo.

Recently he married the beautiful Fari-da; Bedouins fired their long guns in Cairo's sunny streets and the schools were closed. Why not? All the world loves a lover.

But there are those in Cairo who love not this royal lover; there is an ominous lining to this silver wedding-cloud. One Nahas Pasha, peasant-reared Premier of Egypt, on the wedding day sought to make of the young king a royal figure-head. Farouk had ideas of his own about that; swiftly, he ousted Nahas Pasha and installed as Premier Mohammed Mohmaud Pasha. Nahas was sent thence when he refused point-blank to dissolve the Blue Shirts, a Wafdist semi-military youth organization 24,000 strong. Mohammed dissolved them.

There were Wafdist riots in the street, and rebellion in Parliament, which voted "lack of confidence" in the new government. In April, the King and Premier must either make their peace with this Parliament, or call for new elections. Close observers say the young King's popularity will pull him through the crisis.

The British are watching it, for on Farouk's new Cabinet are several pro-Italian ministers. Into Alexandria have moved 1,000 anti-aircraft troops, just in case. . . .

**ROUMANIA:** In this world there are 16,000,000 Jews; they seem to be fast approaching the day when they will have nowhere to lay their heads in peace. In New York, Rabbi Wise laments: "At no time since the World War has the plight of the Jew been more critical than it is today." In Roumania, King Carol received a telegram from the Roumanian Jews in America, begging him to protect their brethren in his country.

King Carol will not protect them. He has just appointed to the Premier-ship one Octavian Goga, expert Jew-baiter, who at once began a drive against the 1,200,000 in Roumania. Jews cannot vote, cannot sell salt or gas, cannot print news-

papers, cannot . . . it is the usual list. Even the King's Jewish mistress, terrified, has fled to Paris.

Assisting Goga is eighty-two-year old Alexander Cuza, who calls for a world anti-Semitic Congress. Says he: "The Jewish problem is becoming acute!" He suggests that the Jews be concentrated in Madagascar, a French island 240 miles off the East African coast.

Germany cheers this Roumanian development; France fears it; Jews all over the world are in terror. This is their bloodiest age, 1900 years after Jesus!

Palestine, while offering a more or less insecure haven for a comparatively small number of Jews, is not the solution. With all our anti-Semitism, America has given the Jew the fairest opportunity.

**SOUTH AFRICA:** General Jan Christen Smuts, Minister of Justice of the Union of South Africa and mankind's friend, last week opened the new "Black

able churchman is arrested secretly, the public reaction watched, the public reactors arrested and secreted, and the culprits finally exiled or shot. Two venerable old Metropolitans were arrested this week; and some say that even the Lutheran clergy are about to feel the strong hand of Stalin.

The bloody "crusher" is still at work in Russia. So is religion.

## TEMPERANCE

**WOMEN AT THE BAR:** Senator Edward J. Coughlin of Kings County, (N. Y.) has introduced a bill at Albany making it "disorderly conduct" for women to drink at a bar. The Senator was prompted to submit the bill, he says, by letters from 1,000 worried mothers of bar-drinking daughters.



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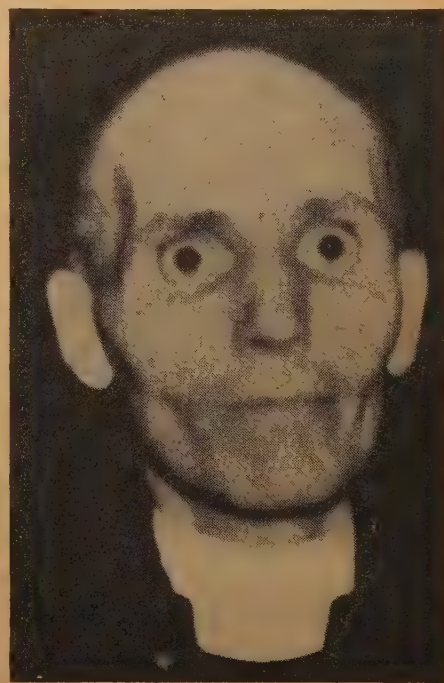
Above is Rev. Israel Harding Noe, of Memphis, as he appeared in health

Parliament" of the Union. He called the legislators to the most difficult job in the world: to settle the race problem. It is especially hard in Africa, where a minority of whites strive to dominate a majority of blacks.

First attack will be made on the schools, which have an enrollment of over 400,000. It has been suggested that white and black children be given the same educational opportunities. On their getting that may depend the question as to whether or not Africa is to pass through such a struggle as China is passing through now.

**RUSSIA:** Said Nicolai Lenin, "Religion is the opiate of the people." Say the priests of the present-day Russian Church, "Christ was a Red." That is their attempt to adjust themselves and their Church to Sovietism. It is not enough. Stalin is attempting as never before to crush them for good.

His technique is simple: an objection-



And here is the "Dean after he lived on oranges for a year, then fasted outright for seventeen days

The bill may not pass. It doesn't really make much difference, we should say, whether it does or not. A woman can get drunk at a table just as quickly as she can get drunk at a bar.

**BIRTHDAY:** On the 28th of September in 1839, a baby girl arrived at the Willard home in Churchville, N. Y. They named her Frances Elizabeth. Churchtown folks thought she was just another baby girl; posterity came to know her as a courageous pioneer in education, woman suffrage and temperance. She fought for votes for women in order that women might "win protection against the evils of drink." When she died, there was still drink, no woman suffrage.

The W. C. T. U., in 1939, just 100 years after the advent of Frances E. Willard, will carry on in her memory a fight with weapons she never dreamed of: movies, radio, exhibits, road signs. The road sign angle intrigues us. Last year in New York State alone the W. C. T. U. put up



176 attractive signs on thirteen-foot poles. They put them up in gardens owned by Union ladies living along the highways. They are a big and impressive part of the million-dollar "birthday party" to be staged in 1939.

Have you a spot in a garden that isn't working?

**PROFIT AND LOSS:** Wet Al Smith used to bark, "Well, let's look at the record." All right. Let's. Let's look at the record of profit and loss through alcohol just published by the Business Men's Research Foundation of Chicago. It follows:

Nation's drink bill 1933-37.....	.....
.....Approximately \$12,417,790,860	
Liquor-bred highway accidents (Estimated).....	\$2,273,000,000
Drink-caused accidents, crime, depressed labor efficiency, etc. (Estimated).....	\$5,000,000,000
Total loss to nation, 1933-37.....	\$19,690,790,860
Credit to the liquor traffic:	
Federal, local, State liquor taxes, less than.....	\$3,000,000,000
Paid back to labor and industry in wages, materials, etc, less than.....	\$1,000,000,000
<b>TOTAL LOSS TO PEOPLE OF U. S.....</b>	<b>\$15,690,790,860</b>

We call that a pretty stiff bill—especially in "recession" times.

**FORTUNE REPORTS:** *Fortune*, the magazine for those who can pay ten dollars a year, reports a survey of public opinion on liquor. *Fortune* found out that 32.5% of those answering were dry, 67.5 wet; 22.3 were for prohibition. The men voted 77.8% wet, but the ladies were 43.2% dry.

Geographically speaking, the wettest part of the U. S. is the Northeast, where they voted 76.9% for strong drink. Next were the Mountain States, 72.0% wet. Rural sections were 37.5% opposed to the sale of liquors, and in cities over a million, only 14.9% object.

The report is interesting. We'd be more interested in knowing more about those who were given a chance to vote. Were they *only* people able to subscribe to *Fortune*, at \$10 per? Or was there an attempt to reach *all* the people? We'd like to know.

**BREWER TUNNEY:** Mr. Gene Tunney, who once had an argument with a man named Dempsey and came out of it heavyweight champion of the world, has turned brewer; he is chairman of the Board of the American Distilling Company. Says Chairman Tunney: "The leaders of the industry must remember that it is only by the sufferance of the people that they are in business." Right!

We wish you luck, Champ, and we hope you'll remember that yourself. And we beg of you to keep your eyes open. You're in the ring now with a crowd deadlier than Dempsey, who will hit below the belt if you don't watch them. Keep your guard up!

**THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD:** Not the least of the criticisms put against the temperance forces was that they were over-emotional and unscientific. Often, they were. Now, they are trying to be . . .

scientific.

Up in Boston, we learn of a new Scientific Temperance Federation, a national, educational, non-political, non-sectarian organization with a reputation for dependability based on cold scientific research and investigation. Its Alcohol Investigation Library, the largest and most comprehensive of its kind, is open to the public, and so are its services.

Write them for temperance ammunition at 400 Boylston Street, Boston.

**PENANCE:** Some time back, a newspaper editor with a sense of humor and fitness donated a "worrying rock" to Hapeville, Georgia. It has been put to good use. When Lamar Couch appeared before a Hapeville judge charged with drunkenness, the judge said, "Ten dollars or two hours on the rock." The alcoholic repented in public where all the town could see, on the rock; he worried about his sore head, and his reputation.

It may all smack of the pillory, but we're for it. To be hidden away in jail is one thing, after a spree; to have the whole town laugh at you is another.

★

## SUCH A CHANGE!

The man who used to stand on the corner,  
Holding a little tin cup—

And looking so poor and shabby—

Now drives a gorgeous Hup—!

He wears a coat made all of fur—

Bright shoes and a silk tie . . . . .

And I wonder—when I see him pass—

Why —? . . . . . Why —? . . . . . WHY —?

I asked my Daddy: "Is he rich —?"

What happened to that beggar —?"

And Daddy said: "Sure—he's rich. . . .

He turned into a Bootlegger —!"

McRee Vaughn

★

**BOOTLEGGERS:** As soon as the "funeral ceremonies" of Old Man Prohibition were over, in 1933, the bootlegger was supposed to go 'way back in a corner and sit down and forever hold his peace. He didn't.

Fifty-four bootleggers are under indictment in New York City alone; it is a record haul. Among them is an inspector of the alcohol tax unit of the Treasury Department and three policemen; this one gang is said to have disposed of over one million gallons of illicit whiskey a year for the past three years.

New York boasts of the finest police force and the finest city government in the world. She has it. But all La Guardia's horses and all La Guardia's policemen will never make the 21st Amendment work.

## CHURCH NEWS

**CHURCH OF ENGLAND:** Fifteen years ago the Church of England appointed a twenty-one-man Commission on Christian Doctrine to resolve, if they could, the doctrinal and ritualistic differences of Anglicanism. A few weeks ago the twenty-one reported. Fifteen minutes after the report was public property it was being soundly berated by both Conservatives and Liberals.

Only on three issues does the Commission become positive; on the supremacy of the Pope, on Biblical infallibility and on evolution. Wherever there was controversy, the Commission straddled. For instance, on miracles, "God can do them if He wishes;" on angels and demons, "It is legitimate to suspend judgment;" on the virgin birth, "Historical evidence is inconclusive, but. . . ." Both Conservatives and Liberals condemned the straddling. Why not? East is East, and West is West, and never the twain. . . .

One Churchman called it "an addled ostrich egg . . . . According to the Commission, you can think what you like and still be a Christian."

Never before has the dilemma of an established church in a political democracy been so well illustrated. Established and drawing a three and one half million pound income from the government, the Church of England fears disendowment with disestablishment, and so does its best to make it a truly national Church and please everybody. That's hard.

More encouraging than the Commission's report is the movement for one great united Protestant Church in England. A joint conference of Anglicans and Nonconformists has just drawn up a report advocating such a union. The proposed new church would be governed by a general assembly, diocesan synods and congregational councils; the report is emphatic in maintaining that no change whatsoever would be brought about in modes of worship. The pro-low Church News Chronicle says of it: "If it leads only to a growth of mutual understanding, the attempt will have been well worth while."

**PRESBYTERIANS:** The college campus is supposed to be anti-religious; just for the sake of the record, it isn't. The Council of Church Boards of Education has just completed a survey in which it canvassed 91 per cent of the college students in the country and found 88 per cent of them to have definite religious convictions. Inspired by that, the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. has organized a University Christian Mission to "lead the students and teachers to a vital faith in God . . . and to a personal commitment to His cause in the world."

President John A. Mackay, of Princeton, is the generalissimo of the march on the campus; campaigns were held in February in four State Universities, and more are contemplated for the Fall.

Coincident with this will be the campaign of the Board of Christian Education of the denomination for ten million dollars, a sesqui-centennial fund to stabilize the financial situation of fifty-four Presbyterian colleges.



**ALL ONE BODY:** Here's an answer to the man who is forever laughing at the "divisiveness" of Protestantism. More than 80 per cent of all members of all non-Roman Churches are united in one or more of four inter-communion organizations: the Life and Work and Faith and Order Movements, the two Home Missions Councils, the International Council of Religious Education and the Federal Council.

We may not be so divided as we think, after all.

**LUTHERANS:** Representatives of eight Lutheran bodies participating in the National Lutheran Council attended the annual meeting of this cooperative group late in January, at the Detroit-Leland Hotel, Detroit. Evidence that they are looking ahead is to be found in the subjects they discussed: the advisability of coordinating all Lutheran inner mission activities in the National Lutheran Council; the possibility of developing a motion picture department; the designation, in the future, of all synod and district presidents as bishops. That is cooperative outlook, in capitals.

Speaking of the Lutherans, they are probably as nearly a churchly League of Nations as any of the Protestant denominations. The Lutheran Church preaches Christ in thirty-five languages in the United States, and it is no exaggeration to say that at least half of all their pastors are able to preach in two languages. One of them, the Rev. Fritz A. Soderberg, of the Augustana Synod, has for the last seven years been preaching in three languages every Sunday!

**CONGREGATIONALIST-CHRISTIANS:** Ministerial unemployment is no bugaboo to the Congregationalists. Dr. Charles Emerson Burton, general secretary of the denomination, reports that only eighty-two of their 6,086 ministers are unemployed. He also tells us that church building debts, which piled up during the 1920's, have mostly been refunded and paid off: a total indebtedness of only six per cent, or \$11,082,308, was recorded on church property worth \$174,370,960.

**PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL:** Tourists in New York always want to see two buildings: the Empire State and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The Empire State is a white elephant, heavily in debt; St. John's is paid for, up till now, and Bishop Manning, who is busy trying to complete it, is asking for one million dollars more to put on the finishing touches.

St. John's is the third largest cathedral in the world; larger is St. Peter's in Rome and the Cathedral of Seville. Finished according to Bishop Manning's plans, it will seat seven thousand and give standing room to thousands more; finished, it will have cost more than fifteen millions.

Evidently Bishop Manning is breaking with the cathedral precedent of Europe, where the builders have a tradition that work should *never* be finished; there must be something to do, eternally.

**WORLD COUNCIL:** At Utrecht, Holland, on May 9th to 12th, there will be a preliminary conference of the World Council

of Churches inspired by the Oxford Conference. (See the November *Christian Herald*.) Eight of America's delegates to that Conference were elected this month. They are:

For the Presbyterian and Reformed Churches, Dr. Lewis Seymour Mudge; Northern Baptists, Prof. Kenneth Scott Latourette; Southern Baptists, Dr. W. O. Carver; Lutherans, Dr. Frederick H. Knebel; Episcopalians, Bishop James de Wolf Perry; African Methodist, Bishop Sherman L. Greene; Southern Methodist,

## PREACHERS' PELLETS

I am no alarmist, but if the Christian Church does not rise up in this critical situation and foster a leadership that is intellectually adequate and morally fit, I have grave forebodings for the future. . . . Dr. Wm. Chalmers Covert.

Today we hear prayers asking God to bring peace to the world. Those prayers are an insult to God and a confession of our own weakness. It is not God's business to bring peace to the world; it is man's business. . . . J. Stanley Durkee.

If wheels of steel and iron can be driven by an unseen power, it is not incredible to believe that man can be guided by mysterious powers of an unseen world. . . . J. J. Sessler.

Religion is the natural ally of all those who would bring about a real brotherhood among men, and end for all time man's inhumanity to man. . . . Governor Herbert H. Lehman.

America has three outstanding sins—rationalism, pantheism, and materialism. . . . Ellis B. Burgess.

One nation cannot keep another nation permanently in subjection and enslavement. If man allows it, God will not. . . . Dr. Y. T. Wu.

The man who picks flaws in the character or conduct of his friend arouses suspicion as to his own soundness. . . . T. E. Gouwens.

As a matter of fact, the Church that heeds not man's physical needs had better not talk to him about spiritual attainments. . . . Alfred L. Murray.

either Bishop Paul B. Kern or Dr. Ivan Lee Holt. (Northern Methodist delegate still to be chosen.)

Once in Holland, their business will be to draw up a Constitution for the proposed World Council with the Constitution of the International Chamber of Commerce as a model.

**MISSIONS NEEDED:** Do you doubt the need of foreign missions? Then stop, look and listen to this. The Imperial University of Tokyo recently circulated a questionnaire among its students, which showed that of its 5,000 students, 6 were Confucians, 8 Shintoists, 60 Christians, 300 Buddhists, 1500 atheists and 3,000 agnostics!

**METHODISTS:** Three Methodisms (The M. E. Church, M. E. Church South and Methodist Protestant) are combining to organize a National Methodist Student Movement. It will be the first joint effort in a long time, and the significance of it lies in the fact that the denominations can't seem to wait for the official merging of the three bodies, which is not far off. Significant also is the reason for the *student* movement: "That the student body frequently neglects the Church and fails to depend upon its services is no justification for the church to neglect the student."

The Movement is being planned to enlarge the fine work already done by Wesley Foundations now found in many American Colleges.

**GOOD NEWS:** "The Church is in a bad way," says the Perennial Pessimist. "The attendance is steadily falling off! Those who do attend go for other reasons than religious ones. Young people simply haven't any respect for it any more." "The Church is doing quite well, thank you!" says Dr. Herman Weber, who will edit the *Christian Herald* membership reports this year. He says it with figures, thus:

More than 30,000,000 people attend churches and synagogues in America every Sunday.

Church membership is growing at the rate of three-quarters of a million persons per year.

In the last 75 years, church buildings have increased seven-fold.

Debts on church buildings amount to only 11 per cent of their value.

From 1800 to 1934, U. S. population increased 22-fold, while church population increased 80-fold.

Doing quite nicely, thank you!

## SCIENCE

**RELIGION'S ALLY:** "Science . . . regards noble human character as the finest product of human progress: it considers the service of all mankind as the universal good; it teaches that human nature may be improved, that reason may overcome unreason, cooperation supplant competition, and the progress of the human race be promoted by human intelligence. . . . Why should not science regard religion as an ally and not an enemy in this process of civilizing the wild beast in man?"

This is a scientist speaking: Dr. Edward Conklin, Princeton biologist and retiring president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. What he has to say may not be news, but it is good to hear.

It is good to hear a leading American scientist point out that *there is no fundamental conflict between true science and true religion, and never has been*. There have been only needless bickerings and bigotry between over-zealous and half-informed scientists and religionists. Religionists today believe more and more in a scientific approach to their problems; scientists today believe more and more that there is no such thing as matter, that the world goes back to spirit after all.

Science and religion are close, and coming closer. They are natural allies.





# Cathedral Windows

By  
Grace Noll  
Crowell

Here in this holy place the windows shine  
With bright clear colors: ray on slanting ray,  
Pierces the somber darkness. Through the divine  
Face of our Lord the splendid lightnings play;  
The jewels of His crown are tipped with flame,  
His purple robe is like a sun-filled bloom;  
So vivid is the Christ, I call His name  
And kneel to worship in this vast still gloom.

My soul is bathed in strange, translucent light,  
The Saints are all about me filled with fire;  
The dark cathedral is transfigured quite,  
And shaken suddenly: beneath its spire  
A high bell flings its voice against the sky  
Bidding men seek the Light that will not die.

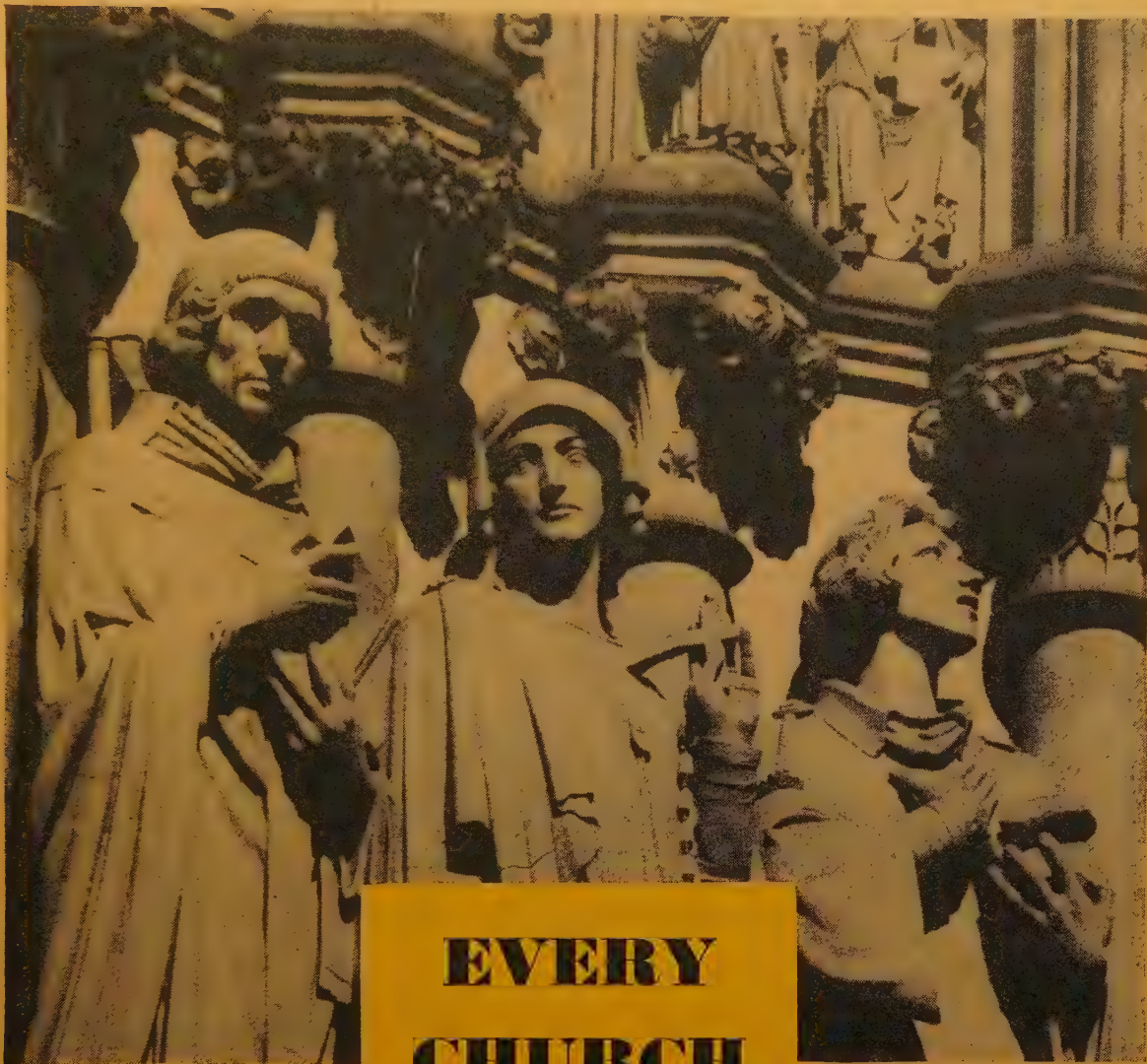


March



CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS



THESE BEAUTIFUL SCULPTURED FIGURES ARE AT THE MARTYR'S DOOR

## EVERY CHURCH

*Is a*

## *Cathedral*

By

H. ADYE PRICHARD

*Many people have wondered whether Cathedrals are worth while. To those, we particularly recommend this article*

permit so absurd a public advertisement of the narcotic that steals the senses of men and women? By this circumlocution

IN THE GREAT CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, NEW YORK CITY

IF WE are going to ask ourselves the question "Why a Cathedral?" we might just as well go back to first principles, and ask ourselves the question "Why a church?"—or a synagogue or a temple or a mosque or a way-side shrine. At least as far as this country is concerned, churches, to many, are a most distressing and flagrant extravagance. They are, for the most part, free from taxation, which means that the citizens of the community in which they stand must, one and all, help to pay for the assessment which should actually be theirs. This appears to many a politician, and to all the scattered disciples of Nietzsche and the modern German school of bureaucratic worship, as very deplorable. How can seemingly intelligent people

they mean Religion. The churches also occupy many of the most desirable locations in their several cities and villages. A certain—we hope, small and not the most representative—section of the real estate fraternity would give a great deal to be able to sell their frontages for gas stations. The churches, moreover, are non-productive. Even the most famous and centrally situated of them is practically empty most of the time, and the hours of occupancy are very fleeting, and very unorthodox to the business man. Also their so-called activities and worship seem to cost a great deal of valuable money, which might be much more profitably invested in such appliances as automobiles, refrigerators, radios, or even fireworks. Why should a parson, who is a parson only be-



cause he was hopelessly unfitted to be an office boy or a grocery clerk or anything else; and a musician who, apparently is not sufficiently adept to play the piano at the local movie theater; and a broken-down old man who acts as sexton and janitor because some kind family in the parish wanted to pension him—why should they draw salaries when they never work? Well—those who think this way must, as the Good Book insists, have their reward.

But—and it is a strange fact—in spite of all these transparent and overwhelming disabilities, there are churches, and still more churches. There is hardly a growing community in our land in which some church is not being established or endowed or equipped or enlarged. The sceptic shakes his head and wonders why. The brain of the sceptic always rattles in the face of the obvious. There must be a reason for these churches. Could we show this enquirer what it is? We make no claim to prophecy or clairvoyance—but we have asked a good many questions and received a good many answers!

The reason is that these churches stand for an invisible and intangible value which, all through the ages, the majority of mankind have found they must acknowledge, and which they are impelled to celebrate in the best manner known to them. In short, they find they can not do without a God, Whom they thus prepare to worship and petition in places set aside in beauty for that purpose and no other. It is all very unreasonable, say the rationalists, and rather sad. But the rationalists are facing, not a theory, but a fact. Here are churches—mute witnesses to the faith of men in the love of God. There has never been a generation of men on this earth without them, though they have differed widely in form and meaning. Stonehenge represents one era, the Parthenon another, Chartres another, St. Peter another. And this foolish faith which inspires them shows no sign of dying out. There are more churches now than there were one hundred years ago, and there will doubtless be many, many new ones by the year two thousand. The rationalist is, indeed, confronted with a very inexplicable situation.

And he may well ask: what is this apparently incurable infatuation that baffles the aforementioned realtors, Nazis, tax collectors, the intelligentsia, and Greenwich Village alike? At least most of them. The answer lies deep in human history. Man learned, a great many years ago, that he could not live by and for himself alone. How he learned it, it is not for this present paper to discuss. But he learned it. There was something of mysterious splendor

in the fact that the seeds grew, that the tide of the sea returned, that the night was resolved in morning, and winter gave place to summer. There was something of mysterious splendor in the fact that hope sprang eternal, that mother love braved all dangers, and that death beds seemed redolent of promise. And mankind crystallized that mysterious, splendid something—and called it God.

And because—despite the W. E. Henley braggadocio, "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul," and the advertisements in somewhat optimistic magazines which insist that "I can earn one hundred dollars a week as a chiropodist or a radio control man or a detective," when I know very well I can not—because a man, at one time or another, usually has a sense of failure, he falls back on a God. And we learn, more and more, to lean on that God, to worship Him, and adore Him, not only when skies are stormy, but when they are fair. Therefore, because we have the innate sense of the fitness of things, we build temples in His honor, and rigidly exclude any suggestion that those temples are erected in honor of anything or anybody else. The instinct to do so is a part of man, and can be eradicated no more than the instinct of self-protection or self-reproduction.

For this reason we endow these temples with the best we have. Ever since people like Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, to avoid the jealousy of his God, threw into the sea his most precious possession—a ring—which afterwards was returned to him in the body of a fish his chef had baked for supper; and ever since the believers in Moloch offered up their first born to the arms of a fiery image, those who have



The majestic grandeur of sculptured masterpieces and great heavenly vistas created by the soaring vaults and living lines of Gothic Architecture in our great Cathedrals are man's highest visible testimony in stone to the glory of his Creator—a moving inspiration to all who come under its spell

PHOTOS FROM ST. JOHN THE DIVINE BY GARO-BLACK STAR





acknowledged a God at all—and that means practically all the human race—have given more than lavishly of their dearest and most beautiful and costly treasures to Him. We do so today—although we are, religiously, far removed from the menace of the Evil Eye, and the manifold disadvantages of infant sacrifice. We still give our best to the temple of our God.

And so the majesty of Art, the world over, found its origin. Shakespere and Eugene O'Neill are the successors of those first dramatists who sang their rude chants to Cybele or Bacchus, and thus gave rise to the grandeur of Athenian tragedy. The

painting and sculpture of the Middle Ages is almost entirely confined to subjects that are drawn from the Bible. And the masterpieces of Murillo, Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, Raphael, and countless others, are the result. Handel, Bach, Gounod, Wagner, to mention only a few, preached sermons in music. And in architecture the skill and the imagination of the best designers found their fulfillment in the erection of cathedrals and churches. There were castles, too, and lordly palaces, and public buildings, but it was to the worship of God that the utmost was dedicated. And, even in the castles and mansions and public buildings, one room was almost always set apart as a chapel, and was usually the richest and most beautiful room in the structure. Many a visitor to England remembers the gloomy horrors of the Tower of London, and the sense of peace that came over him when he climbed up to the exquisite little Norman Chapel in the main fortress, where Anne Boleyn and many others said their last prayers.

Moreover, the building of a cathedral in other ages was a glorified form of community enterprise. Everyone in the neighborhood had something to do with it. The rich men gave money for the purchase of raw materials; the owners of great estates allowed their oldest and finest trees to be cut down for the ceiling and rafters; the fine ladies brought some of their jewels and treasured embroideries for the fittings of the sanctuary, and not a few tucked up their flowing silken skirts and lent a hand with the masonry; any artisan who could cut or carve was put to work, in his spare time, on the capitals of the pillars, or the delicate tracery of the screens; the glass maker, after his own day's work was over, fashioned the designs and colors that dazzle our eyes even now; the old women and the children stitched the linen that was to be spread upon the altar. There was no laggard, and no cynic, and no one to bring a discord into the harmony of the great work that was being done for God. And so those beautiful symbols brave the tempest of the centuries as witness to the corporate faith of men and the undying hold of religion.

With certain modifications, due to the change in modern conditions, much the same is true today. When a great cathedral is in the making, in some such centre as Liverpool or New York or Washington, the effort involved is by no means confined to the members of the Church of England or the Episcopal Church in this country, although the form of worship held therein is, of course, directed by the authorities of the particular denomination which owns and operates the building. During the campaign for money with which to carry forward the completion of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City, contributions were received from Christians of practically every communion, from Jews, from professed non-believers, from many foreign countries, from the very rich and from the very poor. It is true that the community did not rise up, as a whole, and indulge in manual labor when the massive walls of the nave began to rise. Perhaps, artistically speaking, this is just as well. But the community did come in its innumerable thousands to watch the veil being gradually lifted from the architect's plan. Groups of people were organized, such as the sportsmen, the military and naval men, the women, the children, and each was made responsible for a certain part of the structure. Naturally, these groups contained a very large number of members who were in no sense connected with the Episcopal Church. But the universal spiritual significance of the Cathedral was recognized, and sectarianism gave way to a common desire to build a Temple of God, worthy of the greatest city in the United States.

The same spirit of true catholicity is maintained in the special services of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, as, indeed, of most. The writer has inspiring recollections of a sermon preached by Sir Harry Lunn, a staunch Methodist, attired in the full vestments of an Episcopal clergyman; of George Arliss, a layman known to most of us, reading the Scripture; of an elaborate Greek Church ceremony; of services held in different foreign languages; of addresses made by members of many Protestant denominations. The Bishop of New York designated the Cathedral as "a house of prayer for all people." What could be more in keeping with the mind of Christ, who talked to the Woman of Samaria, and held himself aloof from no one?

This catholicity extends beyond the grave. Cathedrals tend to become more and more the beautiful and reverent mausoleums of the great among the nation's dead. How many of us have, for instance, stood spellbound in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, and read, one by one, the Memorials to those whose words have inspired generations of disciples! It would be fantastic to assume that all those prophets were members of the Church of England. (Continued on page 51)




The spring dusk closed them in. The little moon and the stars looked down upon this fine, clean, strong son and daughter of the Northland, who stood, speaking, planning, dreaming of a beautiful home in a beautiful new land

# Helma Comes to America

By Grace Noll Crowell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EARL B. WINSLOW

 THE train blew in with a shriek and blew out again in a swirl of whiteness. The station platform was dark with ice, and the red paint on the little Minnesota depot was but a blurred spot of color through the snow.

Young Martin Oleson, Postmaster, saw her standing there, the only passenger who had alighted in the midst of the blinding blizzard. He had the one mail pouch shouldered, but he dropped it and came forward, touching his mittened hand to his cap.

"How do you do? It's a pretty bad day?" He said. "Here let me open the door for you."

"Tank you," this as they entered the shabby waiting room, both breathless from the onslaught of wind, "I tank you. I vas looking for my uncle to come."

"Your uncle? Who then is your uncle?"

"He is Nels Svanson. I come from Norway. Do you know my uncle?" she questioned, wideeyed, anxious.

"Sure I know Nels Svanson. I know Mrs. Nels. I know the boys, and Marie. She then must be your cousin?"

"Yes, my uncle he write for me to come to him. He say my aunt Selma be not vell. I come from Norvay, all the vay, to help him. I like much to see America. It is beautiful."

And Martin Oleson thought, looking straight into her bright blue eyes: "You are beautiful. You are the most beautiful one I have ever seen. Such cheeks, like the roses in my mother's garden, such eyes, like water under the river bridge, and the hair about your face is like sunlight on a gold flower." But he said: "You then must be Helma. Helma Svanson. Your uncle say he look for you next week sometime. Marie say you come to vork for them. She say she be glad, then she not have to vork so hard." He laughed shortly, and went on, "You speak English vell, most as vell as I, who have been here two years already."

"Yes, I go to school in Norvay. I study English, I speak it, but not vell enough to please me; not yet."

"It vill not matter," said Martin. "Ve

are all Norvegians here. Ve all lof Norvay, but we love America better. Ve lof Minnesota, such a country, such good land, such good times!"

"But my uncle?" said the girl looking around in dismay, "Ven vill he come? Vat shall I do?"

"Don't vorry, I vill take you to his house ven I get the mail over. You yust wait here, and I vill come." He strode away, shouldering the rusty pouch, and whistling a tuneless tune, and the girl, following him with her eyes, thought: "I like him. I like him very much. He is big and strong, and he is kind."

The closed car with its heater was comfortable and cozy for the two. The young man guided the wheel dexterously over the icy roads. There was much to talk about: the old land, the new land, the uncle and aunt, and the cousins she had never seen. "Marie—vat is she like? About my age, not? I hope she vill like me, then ve vill have good times together."

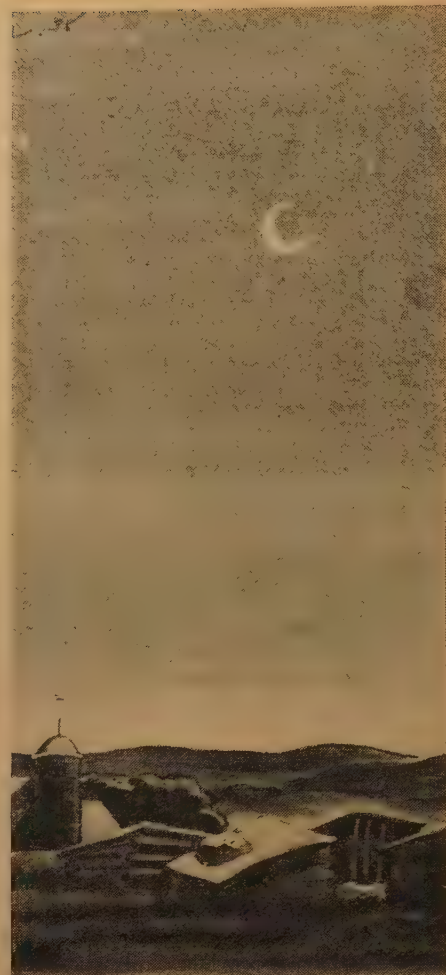
"Maybe you vill," Martin said, "maybe so. I keep company with Marie. There are not so many girls in the country now. They go to the city, most of them, and too many young men go, too many ven there is need of them on the farms. Such farms! Beautiful one! I vant to farm some day. I vill have a big farm, a big red barn, a silo, a house, and a . . . a . . ."

"A vife. I think you vould say. Maybe Marie she make a good vife?" Helma smiled shyly up at the clean profile at her side.

"No, no, I don't tink that far yet—Marie? Vell, maybe so."

The car lurched into the long lane and stopped at the side entrance of a big farmhouse that glimmered white and green through the storm. Martin helped Helma to alight. He took the great collapsible valise in one hand and guided her with the other as they raced laughingly for the shelter of the porch.

Mrs. Nels opened the door. "Vell, Martin, who have you here? Who? Not Helma? Ve vas not looking for you for a week, but I am glad you come. There is so much to do"—this whiningly—"and



me all the time with this pain in my side. Nels, come here. See who has come with Martin. Martin with Helma, now I can rest. Marie, Marie, you come," she called. "Here is Martin. He has brought your cousin from town."

The big burly, kind-hearted Nels, came forward and greeted his niece warmly. "How are you? and how is my brother, and your mother? How is she and Tronsoe? I vould like much to see the old place vonce more. It is very far away, too far," and his eyes took on a wistful look that Helma was later to know so well.

Marie, a tall blonde girl, came into the room. She had powdered her face and rouged her lips rather sketchily, since the arrival of the car, and her dress bore evidence of having been donned hurriedly—a too elaborate dress for a farm house kitchen on a stormy day; too much lace, no sleeves. "How are you, Martin? And so this is Helma?" She gave the girl a cold brief kiss—this for Helma who had started forward with open arms, and warm, offering lips.

"Well, mother," she said petulantly, "it's a wonder you wouldn't ask them to take off their wraps and sit down. Here, Martin, this is the chair you like, and Helma, lay off your things. I will show you to your room after awhile. You'll stay for supper, won't you, Martin? Mother has some of your favorite Swedish rolls baked," and she turned languishing eyes upon the blue-eyed, red-cheeked young man.

"No I tink not, Marie. It vill be all I can do to get back to town. Mother will be waiting for me and vondering vether I come. I must go now. Good-





bye Marie, goodbye all. Goodbye Helma. I shake hands again. I'm glad I met you. I'm glad I could be the first in all this big America to greet you first." He looked into her eyes: "I vill see you again, I tink."

"I tink I vill. Yes, I tink I vill," he repeated as he cranked the cold car and started back to town.

Marie walked over to her cousin's side. "Come, Helma. Where on earth did you get a grip like that. Do they carry that kind in Norway? It would be a scream in the city. We've decided this will be the handiest room for you. It is over the kitchen and you can slip down the back way mornings. I simply loathe being wakened, and if you were to use the front stairs I'd be sure to hear you. I've been off at school so much—the U, you know—and I'm rather lazy for the farm. Well, I'm home now for awhile. I . . . I, you see, I expect to marry soon, and I'll be tickled pink to get away from the farm. It bores me stiff. Just hang your things up and come down, I'll show you about the kitchen, and maybe you can take hold and get supper. Cooking gives me a pain. I hate it. I've often said I'd never learn how to cook, and then I'd never have to do it, but mother has been sick, and I've been helping out. Thank fortune you are here now, that lets me out. You'll be down right away, won't you?"

"Yes, I vill come, soon," said Helma, but when the door closed behind her cousin she stood as she would never move again to go anywhere. So this was Marie, the girl cousin she had longed so to know—had come thousands of miles to see—to love. "Oh, vell, there vas uncle Nels, and

the boys—they looked kind and friendly, and there vas this Martin who had brought her from the station—he of the blue eyes, blue like the sky above Norway, and with cheeks like apples in the autumn orchards, and with shoulder so broad and strong. . . ." Helma felt suddenly as if she would like much to lay her head on one of those strong friendly shoulders, and cry her heart out.

The room was cold. The furnace pipes, she was to learn, were often closed in this particular room. It was difficult to heat all the house, there was something wrong with the drafts, always—the pipe to this room too was long.

She looked from the little north window. The wind was quieting now. She could see through the frost on the pane, miles of white fields, a few distant farmhouses. Helma did not mind the cold room, the snow outside. She was accustomed to cold, she understood that, but she could not understand the ache that was growing about her heart; this, she did not quite know how to bear. A dreadful illness had seized her, and with it the wild desire to run, back along those shining rails that had borne her here, back to the sea that had carried her, until she might plunge bodily into its wild waves and swim back, oh, anyway that she might get back to her own land, her own people.

"If you are ready, I wish you would hurry down." Marie's voice sounded sharply from the back hallway.

"Vell, I vill come now," she gulped the answer. She slipped into a gingham dress, brushed her bright hair, and wiped the mist from her eyes. "I am ready now," she said.

"Here are the shelves with the dishes, here are the drawers, the pots and pans, the towels." Marie was showing her about the great farmhouse kitchen. "You will likely rather wait on the table than to eat with us and keep jumping up all the time. There are spareribs and kraut to cook tonight, and there are mother's rolls and coffee. If you have time you might make some apple pies. They would be nice for dessert." And Marie swept from the room.

Helma made the pies. Helma got the supper. Helma washed the dishes. Helma climbed the back stairs at night, her strong young body tireder than it had ever been before even in the hay-making days at home, when, deep-breasted, broad-hipped, and with strong capable hands, she helped load the sweet-smelling hay onto her father's wagon, finding it a holiday simply to be out in the clean wind, out in the pale-gold Norway sunshine that stirred her blood and rouged her cheeks, and painted her lips the color of the poppies in the glorious fields—loving it all, loving life.

Spring had come to Minnesota, the land of the skyblue water, the land of ten thousand lakes. The reluctant spring! The little tender furls of delicate green had pierced through clear ice into the sunlight, and were trembling and shaken with the exquisite surprise of it all. The wheat fields were taking on a running shimmer of green, and there was a deeper green upon sheltered slopes and in shaded corners.

It was house cleaning time, but Helma could see over the feather bed she was carrying—could see the glint of a blue distant-lake, blue like the lakes at home; she could see the misty green lightly over the fields, and could hear the sharp, sweet whistle of a meadow lark, and—yes, there was the hum of a motor as a car turned into the lane.

Martin Olson climbed out of his car and came striding toward her. "Good morning, Helma. Isn't this a peach of a morning! Here, let me carry that ting. It's too heavy for you," and he flung the unwieldy feather bed across the line.

Helma flushed. In all this big America here was the first person who had thought anything too heavy for her, any task too hard for her glorious strength, but any girl, any girl likes the feeling of protection, of being shielded, of being, oh, could it ever be possible . . . of being loved?

"I tank you very much," she said, then: "Marie is up in her room. Shall I call her for you?"

"No," he clipped the word, "No, what I vant to say I vill say to you. I see how tings are going here. You vork too hard. You don't have good times enough. There is a party in town tonight and I want to see if you can come along with Marie and me. You should have some fun, too, like other girls. You should not vork so hard all the time. What is it they say . . . ?"

"All vork and no play makes Helma a dull girl." I see that in little Nels' book. I tink maybe I be dull, much duller than I vas in Norway. But oh, this morning—it makes me glad. I vant to run and sing—and maybe to dance. Do you dance tonight at your party? No, vell I play games too. I lof it. You ask my aunt, maybe she let me come with you."

Martin asked Mrs. Nels. Mrs. Nels thought it might (Continued on page 52).





We have no right to demand that young people make all the sacrifices in case of war—and we may be facing war again. What to do about it is the one supremely important subject for all of us. We cannot depend upon education, or conferences, or disarmament by our nation alone. What we can do, Senator Lee suggests in this article

# Draft Dollars First

By  
*Josh Lee*

*U. S. Senator from Oklahoma*

**N**INETEEN years ago we turned from fighting to farming, from digging trenches to digging oil, from filling sandbags to filling flour sacks, from building barracks to building homes, from studying maps to practicing law, from the horrors of war to the pursuits of peace. Thus ended the war to end all wars.

Today more men are under arms than ever before since the crack of dawn. If it is a matter of medicine, ask the doctors; if it is a matter of law, ask the lawyers. Now since this is a matter of war, why not ask the warriors? For nineteen years the ex-service men have been asking for a law to draft money in case of war. In all of our organizations and their auxiliary organizations, we have begged for such a law. We have petitioned; we have passed resolutions, but without result.

If three million doctors should tell our nation that the passage of a certain law would prevent the spread of a terrible disease, it would be passed without delay, but here are three million men who know more about war than any other group in the nation, speaking on the subject of war, with a unanimity scarcely ever before paralleled, and without result, for nineteen

years. There has not been an Armistice Day since November 11, 1918, that thousands of ex-service men have not advocated from thousands of platforms the passage of a law to draft money in case of war, and yet that principle was never translated into the language of a bill until the last term of Congress. Up until then it has been a phrase on which we made speeches, about which we passed resolutions, but has been an abstract principle without a definite plan for the actual drafting of the wealth of the nation. Senate Bill 2911, now before the Senate Military Affairs Committee, provides that plan.

World peace has always been part of our program, but I wish at the outset to eliminate three of the methods we have depended upon in the past to secure peace. First is Education. Naturally, I favor educating for peace. Certainly we should continue to educate for peace from the

classroom, the platform, the pulpit, the press, and every avenue of expression, but it is too slow a process to rely upon now. It takes generations to change the philosophy of man by the slow evolving process of education.

Today with Europe and Asia aflame, war might strike America like a bolt of lightning, and another world war would annihilate civilization itself. Therefore, in our search for peace, why not turn to something more concrete, more actual, something we can get our teeth into, such as a law that would draft capital in case of war?

Second, we must not rely too much upon peace conferences, agreements, pacts, and treaties as a means to keep us out of war. The passage of this law to draft money in case of war would do more to keep us out of war than all of the pacts and peace agreements we can sign. These as we have seen yesterday, as we are seeing now, are merely scraps of paper to be burned in the fires of passion when nations are heated to the war pitch. War will never be abolished by proclamation. As our own Will Rogers once said, "America never won a conference or lost a war." Of course, we should encourage all peace conferences, as no doubt they do some



good, but put our faith for peace in something more concrete.

President Roosevelt was justified in adding America's voice to that of other nations in protest against the invasion of a peaceful country by a warlike nation, thus throwing America's moral force against war and on the side of peace. Then again, we are a party to the Nine Power Pact, and we should have our representatives there; but I doubt the wisdom of going further than announcing to the world our protest against invasion. I am opposed to trying to police the world. There are so many cross currents of hate, ambition, and intrigue in the Old World in which we have no part. The bringing to light of the Balfour Agreement shows that Europe and Asia have a different viewpoint concerning war from ours.

While I believe it is the part of wisdom

nation. China today is paying the price of unpreparedness.

Some people have an erroneous idea about ex-service men. They believe that we are militaristic, that we want to make a military nation out of America. Nothing could be further from the truth. No man hates war more than the man who has seen it. But we are not deceived. We are living in an actual world. Other nations have not come to the point of view of peace on earth, good will toward men, that America has, and we know the folly of deceiving ourselves. We do not want a top-heavy military program, but we want sufficient defense to protect our nation, at least long enough to whip an army into shape.

So we cannot rely upon disarmament as a means to peace. We stand ready to meet the rest of the world in a disarmament program. We are willing to disarm to the very bone, providing other nations will match us in that program, but until they do, we must maintain suf-

I introduced on the 22nd of last July, in the Senate of the United States, a bill "to promote peace and the national defense through a more equal distribution of the burdens of war, by drafting the use of money according to ability to lend to the government."

In brief, this bill provides that in case of war, the President shall take a census of the wealth of the nation, requiring each citizen to register and file a sworn financial statement of his total net wealth.

It provides that the Government shall determine the amount of money necessary to be raised in order to meet the emergency, and shall allot to each person an amount of money that he is required to lend to the government, which is apportioned to different individuals in accordance with their net wealth. This apportionment is graduated in a manner somewhat similar to the graduated income tax, laying the heaviest burden on those with the most wealth. The schedule is carefully worked out in the bill.

The Government shall then issue bonds of convenient denominations for the total amount of money it is necessary to raise, and each person is required to buy these bonds according to the allotment worked



**OUR SOLDIERS SACRIFICE** everything, even their lives, for no reward but glory. Why then should not industry, which risks nothing in time of war, be required to sacrifice **MONEY?**

for our government to get out of the line of fire in other nations' battles, yet we must maintain the Monroe Doctrine and demand respect for the American flag on the high seas. We can continue to sit in on peace parleys but not rely upon them as a means to peace.

Then, third, we dare not depend upon disarmament. Disarmament would be all right if all other nations of the earth would simultaneously and universally disarm, but they will not. That nation that gets too far out in front on a program of disarmament will by its weakness invite attack, and thus promote war instead of peace. Today we are seeing two glaring examples of nations that were not prepared to defend themselves. Ethiopia was defenseless, relying upon her primitive method of bush warfare, but Mussolini's war eagles blazed their way across that defenseless

sufficient military establishment to defend our shores.

Now therefore, since we dare not put our faith in education at the present time, since we dare not rely upon peace treaties, and since we dare not get too far out in front in a disarmament program, let us consider a concrete proposal that in my opinion will do more to keep America out of war at the present time than any other one step we can take; namely, the passage of a bill to draft money in case of war.

The World War proved that the only democratic, fair, and just method of raising an army is by means of a selective draft. By the same token, I propose to argue that the only democratic, fair, and just method of financing a war is by means of a selective draft of capital. Therefore,



PICTURES EWING GALLOWAY

out in the schedule. These bonds run for fifty years, and bear interest not to exceed one per cent. They are not tax exempt, and the Government can pay them off at its will. In case the individual has difficulty in raising the cash, the Government may take his personal note bearing six per cent interest, secured by his property.

The bill further provides for local and district boards somewhat similar to the selective draft boards of the last war.

Provision is also made for necessary appeals to the Federal Courts after the bonds have been purchased.

The bill further provides for penalties for non-compliance similar to those penalties for non-compliance with the selective



draft of men.

The power thus to draft money can only be used during a war emergency and automatically terminates with the end of the war.

These constitute the essential features of the bill.

The power of a government to supply its own needs must be inherent in that government if it is to continue its existence. Self-preservation is the first law of life. Self-preservation of a nation means that that nation has the power to utilize its full resources for its own protection.

Therefore, because war is a community effort, there is an implied compact that all material, all man power, and all wealth within a nation is subject to the use of the government of that nation for protection against invasion by an enemy.

Article 1 and Section 8 of the Constitution of the United States confers upon Congress the following powers. I quote: "to declare war," . . . "to raise and support an army," . . . "to provide and maintain a navy," . . . "to suppress insurrections and repel invasions, and to make all laws which will be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers."

Suppose Congress acting under this power should raise an army of three million men as it did in the World War? How long would that army last without food, without clothes, without equipment? And how long can Congress provide food, clothes and equipment unless, with the power to raise an army, there is also the power to raise enough money to equip and feed that army? The language of the Constitution is simple and straightforward. It says, "Congress shall have power . . . to raise and support an army . . . and to make all laws which will be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers." There is the explicit grant of constitutional authority for this bill. The Constitution says Congress shall have power to support an army "and to make all laws which will be necessary and proper" for supporting that army.

In the last war, we had the interesting situation of a government that raised an army of men by compulsory draft laws, and the same government supported that army by voluntary appeals for money. We raised an army by force and supported it by solicitation. We raised an army by coercion and supported it by persuasion. We raised an army by command and supported it by entreaty. We raised an army by order and supported it by supplication. We raised an army by law and supported it by grace. We commandeered men and begged for money. To me, it is unthinkable that Congress has the power to raise an army of men by compulsion and does not have the power to raise finances by the same compulsion. The power to raise an army and the power to support an army are in my opinion coexistent. The one cannot exist without the other. Of what effect is an army without ammunition, without guns, without hand grenades, without transportation, without foods?

In the last war, the power to draft men was mandatory. The power to raise money was volitional. We raised the army by mandate and fed it by volition. What an inconsistency!

The power to equip, feed, clothe and support an army, and the power to raise an army are inseparable ingredients of any war, and the power to feed, clothe and equip an army means the power to raise money in a manner as equally mandatory as the manner used to call men to the colors.

The next question that might arise would be whether Congress in carrying out the powers thus delegated to it by the letter of the Constitution would violate *any of the constitutional rights of citizens*. The question might be raised, would a law that drafts money deprive a person of his property without "due process of law," or without "just compensation" in contravention of the Fifth Amendment?

The Supreme Court has taken the attitude that the general public should be protected from harm and danger even though the individual rights of citizens must be temporarily suspended. For example, under the power of eminent domain the Gov-



## ABOUT SPRING

Funny how the earth can call you  
When the spring begins to hum,  
How your hands just itch for digging  
When the 'seed books' start to come

Funny how a robin's "Cheer up"  
Brings a whistle to your lips,  
And you smile all out of reason  
At the greening willow tips.

Funny how the early sunlight  
Seems to warm you through and through  
With a different kind of warming  
From that the coal-burners do.

Funny how the good old springtime  
Makes you know that you're alive  
And rouses feelings in you  
Thick as bees are in a hive.

Solveig Paulson



ernment unquestionably has the power to take property even against the wishes of the owner, where the public needs demand it.

The bill I have introduced prescribes one per cent interest for the use of the money; that is the Government proposes to take a fair proportion of a man's wealth during a period of national emergency and guarantee its return, and pay him one per cent interest for the use of it.

Under the First Amendment, the freedom of the press is guaranteed; likewise, under the Thirteenth Amendment there is the guarantee that involuntary servitude shall not exist within the United States. Yet these individual rights have been, in part at least, temporarily suspended during war, and the construction has been placed on the Constitution by the Supreme Court that where it becomes necessary for the military defense of the nation, these individual rights are subjugated to the greater national welfare.

Hence, it is evident that rights and immunities enjoyed by individual citizens under the Constitution are subject to temporary limitation during war time.

Therefore, we are forced to the conclusion that since the Courts have upheld the taking of a man's property without any compensation whatever under certain extreme circumstances; therefore, the Government in taking the use of a man's money for one per cent during the emergency caused by war in which men are compelled to serve for a dollar a day and a chance to die, would unquestionably be constitutional.

One of the strongest arguments in favor of drafting the financial resources of a nation is that it would materially strengthen our national defense. Under this law our government would never be delayed, hindered or embarrassed for the want of finances to carry on a war. When this was known, the psychology would be in our favor. If a foreign nation was contemplating war with the United States, and it was known that we had already on the statute books a law that, upon the declaration of war, would immediately make the financial resources of the nation available to the government for the purposes of national defense, that foreign nation would think twice before declaring war upon the United States.

Furthermore, that is as it should be. Instead of our government having to beg for money to finance a war of national defense, instead of having to coax the money out of hiding by means of tempting interest rates, our government should have the power—a latent power that would spring into life upon the declaration of war, such as this law—that would authorize the President, as the Commander in Chief of the Army, to use the financial resources of the nation for the national defense.

In my opinion, it is almost unthinkable that the United States, the richest nation on the face of the earth, a nation worth over 320 billions of dollars, should be embarrassed during a national crisis for the want of enough money to defend its boundaries against the aggression of a foreign foe.

In the last war, the Government, in order to raise money, was even compelled to find pretty girls, dress them up as attractively as possible, get them to go out in front of the curtains in theaters and make four-minute speeches, begging for enough money to buy food for the soldiers who were at that time facing death in the trenches.

War is bad, but invasion of our nation would be worse. War is horrible, but subjugation to a foreign foe is unthinkable, particularly when we have the means of defense within our reach.

Therefore, I maintain that a law providing for the conscription of wealth in case of war is vital to our national defense.

Then again this bill will promote peace, because it will remove one of the greatest incentives of war, namely the possibility of making profit by means of high interest rates during the war. Normally interest rates run from less than two per cent to three per cent on government bonds, but during the war it was necessary to pay as high as four and three-quarters per cent (Continued on page 49)

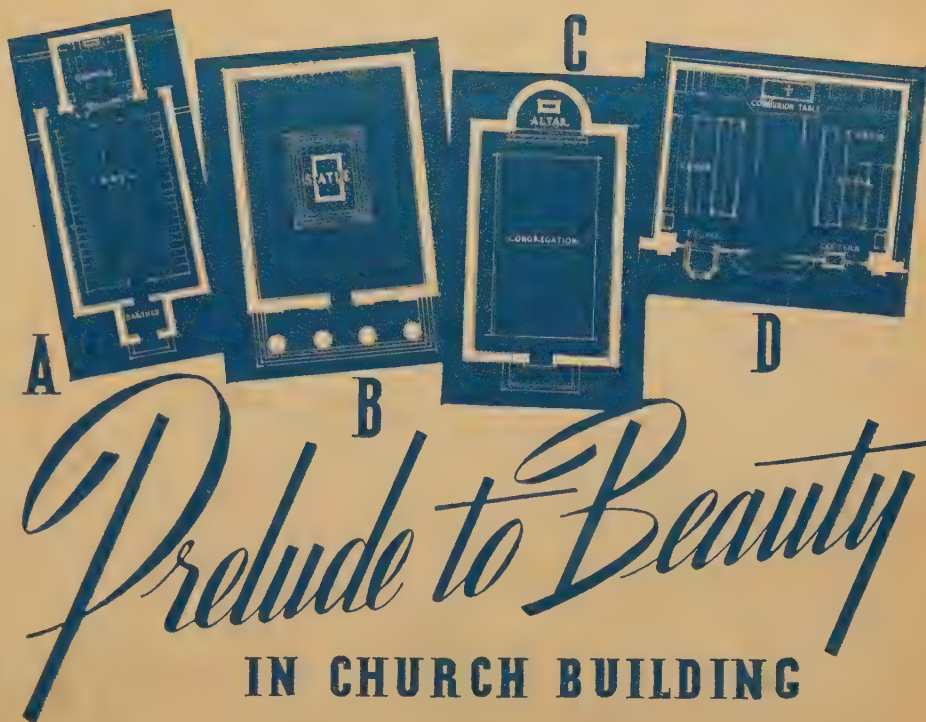


**A** This sketch shows the relative positions of the parts of modern churches which are now used in connection with church work alone—nave, chancel and sanctuary

**B** The earliest churches were merely pagan temples that were changed to meet the needs of Christian service, and were gradually transformed into churches. Sketch B shows the plan of a pagan temple

**C** As we see in sketch C, a setting for an altar was formed at the far east end of the building, creating an atmosphere that was indicative of the presence of the Spirit

**D** Sketch D shows the usual location of pulpit and lectern. This establishing a pulpit at the right of the chancel has occasioned most dissension among those who favor and those who oppose the old arrangement



By **ARLAND A. DIRLAM**

PART TWO

**T**HE dim mystic silhouette of a church spire, slowly merging into the dusk of sundown, catches the human eye and helps the layman bridge the gap between materialism and spirituality. The external appearance of our church architecture silently becomes more than a mere structural composition. It is a tangible focal point for the interim between the Sunday services—a constant reminder that the House of God is our haven—our refuge in distress—our palace in joy.

To many laymen, the external appearance of a building comprises its total architecture. In their logic they are but partially right. We must recognize, in a correct architectural exterior, the direct reflection of a correct architectural plan. Character, purpose and expression of meaning are established and determined in the development of the plan. The superstructure that rises from these foundations merely continues the story and message originally conceived.

Literally speaking, the exterior of any building can be compared to a suit of clothes draped over the body of a man. As on the man himself, the fit of the suit, the drape of the cloth, the cut of the style, depend entirely upon the shape and proportion of the body underneath. The more perfectly we shape our architectural

"bodies," the more perfect will result our external appearances.

Unfortunately, however, our comparison of architecture and wearing apparel stops at this point. We cannot discard our building with the same carefree ease that we might dispose of a coat we no longer like; nor, if we have given vent to some passing fancy, as we often do in choosing hats, can we merely discard the structure as an interesting experiment. Our architectural mistakes and sins remain standing evidence of our shortcomings. Churches we build for posterity. They become lasting monuments—edifices that not only reveal the character of this generation, but continue on to mold the religious outlook of the generations to come. Such is the responsibility of every church building committee.

Before attempting to discuss the various types of design we know as architectural styles, let us first recognize the fundamental principles that predetermine building. They are geographic, climatic and economic. Geographic influence can be thought of as a national impulse which gives us the various types such as English, French, Italian, etc. The utilitarian aspects of our structures, whether designed to withstand long spells of wintry weather or openly planned to permit comfort in warmer temperatures, demonstrate our concern for climatic conditions. The elaborateness of plan or curtailment of design is determined by available funds. To all these, as church builders, we must add an all important fourth—expression of purpose. *We must infuse in our design a quality of purpose that will set it off from all secular buildings. The passer-by must immediately recognize in our results the lasting quality of an honest, dignified expression of a structure worthy to be called a Temple of Worship.*

Applying these requisites to our problems, we are immediately cognizant that in this country our architectural possibilities are unlimited. Our geographic environment is similar to the Continent. As a

country that has absorbed the influence of many nationalities, we possess a rich, worldwide background to draw upon. Our climate varies from the wintry colds of the North to the sunny climes of California and Florida. Our economic problem, varying from parish to parish, still possesses a common requirement in its demand for the greatest value for our building dollar. Thus we have the entire building "vocabulary" at our command. The words we cause it to say and the stories we force it to tell are entirely our own doing. That they are honestly expressed should be our chief concern.

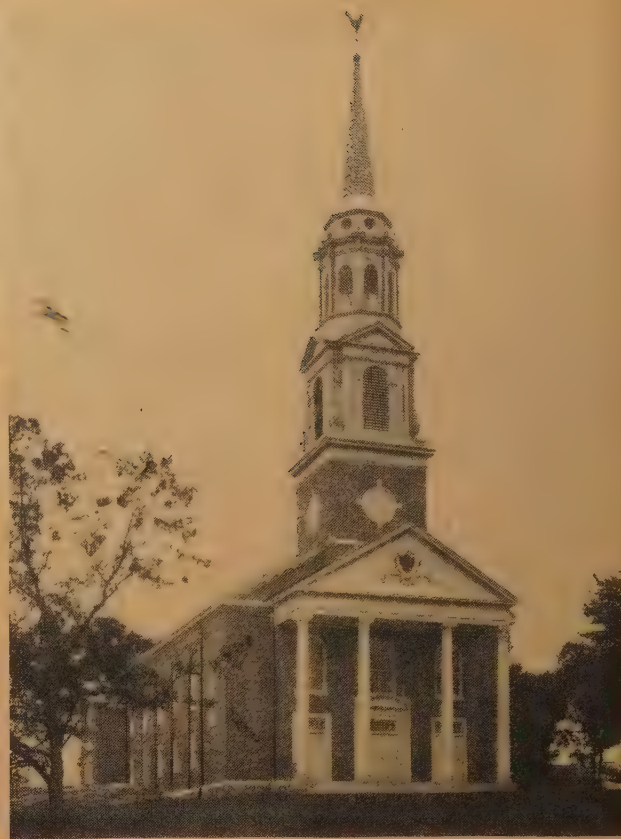
A more technical writing would perhaps trace the evolution of Christian architecture from the earliest endeavors, carefully noting every structural change that paved the way for newer forms, that we know as styles. A more comprehensive writing would discuss the technical properties of the barrel vault, the intricacies of thrusts and counter-thrusts, the working qualities of flying buttresses, and literally hundreds of other significant features that constitute the actual construction side of our undertaking. However, all of this is the problem of your architect, and upon his knowledge of such things can the building committee rest their burdens.

So let us confine our thoughts to a non-technical review of external church architecture. Assuming for the moment that we have arrived at a satisfactory arrangement of the major elements of our plan and that our plan is still in that plastic stage wherein we have not yet committed ourselves to any particular architectural style, one of our first steps in arriving at a composition is a decision of a style of architecture in which to work. Gothic, Colonial, Romanesque and Mission (where climate permits) comprise the styles now used in the greatest number of our new churches. To these, of course, due to particular parish desires, we must add the occasional use of Renaissance and Greek, and the usual hybrid types that characterize every generation.





**MISSION**—Out in California, Architect Weeks is giving Mission architecture a new vitality. Pictured above is the new First Christian Church of Oakland



**COLONIAL**—Rearing its lofty spire heavenward, this Colonial church, designed by Perry and Bishop, forms a reverent landmark in the countryside

Gothic architecture has been called "the only true style for Christian buildings." Such a statement is superficially true, yet when applied to our various non-liturgical churches throughout the country, it becomes most dogmatic. True, Gothic is a style definitely developed by a Christian people in their search for a fitting expression of their ideal. As a style, it borrowed none of the forms that were developed in pagan architecture, but invented and evolved elements of its own. Reaching its greatest height of completed development with the increasing tide of religious enthusiasm of the Middle Ages, the style well expressed the fervor and even today is traditionally synonymous with church work. Only by a study of life of the Middle Ages can we understand Gothic. The complete concord and harmony of design reflects the united brotherhood of its builders; the intricate structural principles involved demonstrate the increasing intellectuality of the people. The one point, however, that even as laymen we must definitely grasp, is its emotional and mystical attraction. Forsaking the horizontal emphasis of previous types, its unrestrained surge for vertical expression indicates its acknowledgment of a superior Spiritual Power. Gothic cathedrals became the seats of learning of the time. Their carefully executed messages in stone and glass became sermons for the people. Secular subjects as well as religious happenings were incorporated. The physical church became an integral part of daily life. It was this spark of fusion of the material and spiritual that largely marked success in Gothic building.

To some laymen, Gothic architecture has merely been the use of the pointed arch. Such an assumption is completely wrong. The pointed, arched windows and doors, so characteristic of Gothic architecture, are merely but one, and perhaps even but a minor one, of its many possessions.

Gothic is essentially a masonry architecture—massive, sturdy, yet possessing a sense of delicateness and richness. Originally a style developed in the cooler climate of northern Europe, the lines of its basic superstructure depict the utilitarian aspect of an edifice capable of withstanding the varying elements of weather. Its high pitched roofs well shed the snow. Its stone walls and buttresses provided a permanence and stability. Its wide recessed portals and porches not only sounded the voice of welcome, but also provided a resting place for the weary traveler. Its salient characteristics are its material of construction, its method of structural support, its treatment of windows, towers and spires.

Colonial architecture can well be considered America's contribution to the world of art. Renaissance architecture reflected the period of the Reformation. Huge stone structures, singularly reminiscent of classic Rome, gradually supplanted Gothic buildings. Rectangular plans, massive domes, colonnaded porticoes, stone spires composed of classic elements, constituted the architectural environment our American forefathers left behind them when they ventured forth to establish a new country for religious freedom. It is natural to understand how our first archi-

ture, once we had passed through the crude stages of log cabin buildings, should turn to a style contemporary with that of the Mother country. Economically, however, we were unable to keep pace with the Renaissance. Masonry buildings as a whole were beyond the financial means of these early settlers. Stone as a building material was not easily available, and the lesser cost of brick and wood greatly influenced our first efforts of design. Naturally with our architectural vocabulary limited to brick and wood, we soon discover our attempts of emulating the architecture of the Continent acquiring a new sense of proportion. The facility with which one can work in wood, as compared with stone, brought forth a slenderness and delicateness, and a certain refinement that deviated greatly from Renaissance. Though still inspired by the designs of England, American architecture soon took on a national characteristic.

Colonial can definitely be called a Protestant architecture. Expressing the ideals of a free religious people, the style acquired almost denominational character. The lovers of Gothic have criticized it as cold, bare, and utilitarian. The play of light and shade on its red brick or white wood walls produces a charm and warmth that defies the accusation. Its original bareness was due to financial necessity, but with budget permitting the style will rival the finest of arts. The derogatory criticism of utilitarianism comes not so much from the fact that our original meeting-houses provided an assembly place for sundry gatherings, but rather that our later architects failed to catch a





**GOTHIC**—This fine example of the Gothic style was designed by LeBeaume and Klein. It is the First Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, Missouri



**ROMANESQUE**—The Memorial Baptist Church of Cortland, New York, designed by Merrill Humble and Taylor—a successful use of the style

true ecclesiastical feeling and their work has resulted in church buildings that could not be distinguished from the town hall or post office.

Romanesque is the name applied to that style of architecture following the efforts of the early Christians. Barbaric invasions had destroyed the imperial power of the Empire, but even through that period we know as the Dark Ages the power of the Church remained and new churches were built. In their early attempts, these artisans deliberately borrowed from the ruins of former temples actual column capitals and similar bits of ornament, which they incorporated in the building. To those early structures, which were hardly more than assembled units of Roman ruins, the name of Romanesque was given, though they resemble not in the least Roman architecture, as the name might imply. By the use of heavy square piers in place of pillars, the vault which the Romans developed was given a place of utmost importance. However, as early as the tenth century, we find examples of cross vaults added to the nave and soon an arrival of form of the cross-shaped or cruciform plan. Romanesque, like Gothic, is technically defined in terms of structural composition. As church builders, however, we must appreciate its non-technical qualities. Romanesque was a missionary architecture. Stretching out into new lands, it became a spontaneous expression of a people attempting to portray their new-found faith. Massive, heavy, it typified the solidity of Christianity. Campaniles and flanking towers, forerunners of the later Gothic spires,

indicated that upward look, that definite consciousness of spirituality. Essentially a brick or stone architecture, it has left a great deal to posterity and from its crude origin, it developed into an artistically ornamental style of extremely high degree.

Romanesque is an expressive Christian style. Its use in this country reached its highest peak during the revival just before the turn of the century. During this period, some particularly fine churches were developed but the style as a whole suffered greatly from the hands of men who either failed to realize their limitations as architects, or who tried to force an orthodox type of architecture into weird channels by the mere recopying of Romanesque forms without particular thought to their composition or meaning.

Mission architecture is purely a climatic style. Long open patios, blank spaces of warmly colored stucco walls find an ideal setting in sunny temperatures. Its design is inspired by the works of Mexico and Spain, and its architectural features embody much of the elements of these national styles. Because of its particular requirements, its general use is most restricted. To attempt to suitably design a Mission church in Northern Maine would be as incongruous as to attempt to wear tropical clothing at a winter sports carnival.

Hybrid in architecture means the mingling of styles, the use of Gothic windows in a Colonial church; the use of a classic pediment and portico in Mission—inconsistencies that indicate a lack of proper study on the part of the designer or the insistence of a misinformed Building

Committee. Every generation produces such hybrids. The desire to be different or unusual frequently causes effects that, though seemingly clever at the time, soon outlive their ingenuity and continue to haunt us with their shortcomings.

Today we are faced with a new threat in our choice of style. The zest that governs the design of stream line trains and the subtleness of curve that is incorporated in the appearance of automobile bodies, is rapidly finding itself reflected in our building arts. Under the name of Modern architecture we are developing a composition of strange shapes and forms that are best demonstrated in the recent Chicago and near-future New York World Fairs. It is fitting that such a style should evolve. Reinforced concrete, glass blocks, bright metals and literally hundreds of new materials have been science's contribution of the last few years. If architecture is to continue as a living art, the new fields that these discoveries have opened must be recognized and efforts must be made for their mastering. However, Modern architecture is still in a transitional and experimental stage. We have no assurance that what appeals to us in that art today will not be discarded as a futile groping, in as near a time as ten years hence. As Church Builders, Modern Architecture at present involves us in several risks we do not dare to take. The tradition of our religion is sacred to us. We dare not utterly discard the traditional forms that through time have grown to express our religious emotions; thrust them to one side and embrace a form of art whose emotional background rests upon its (Continued on page 53)



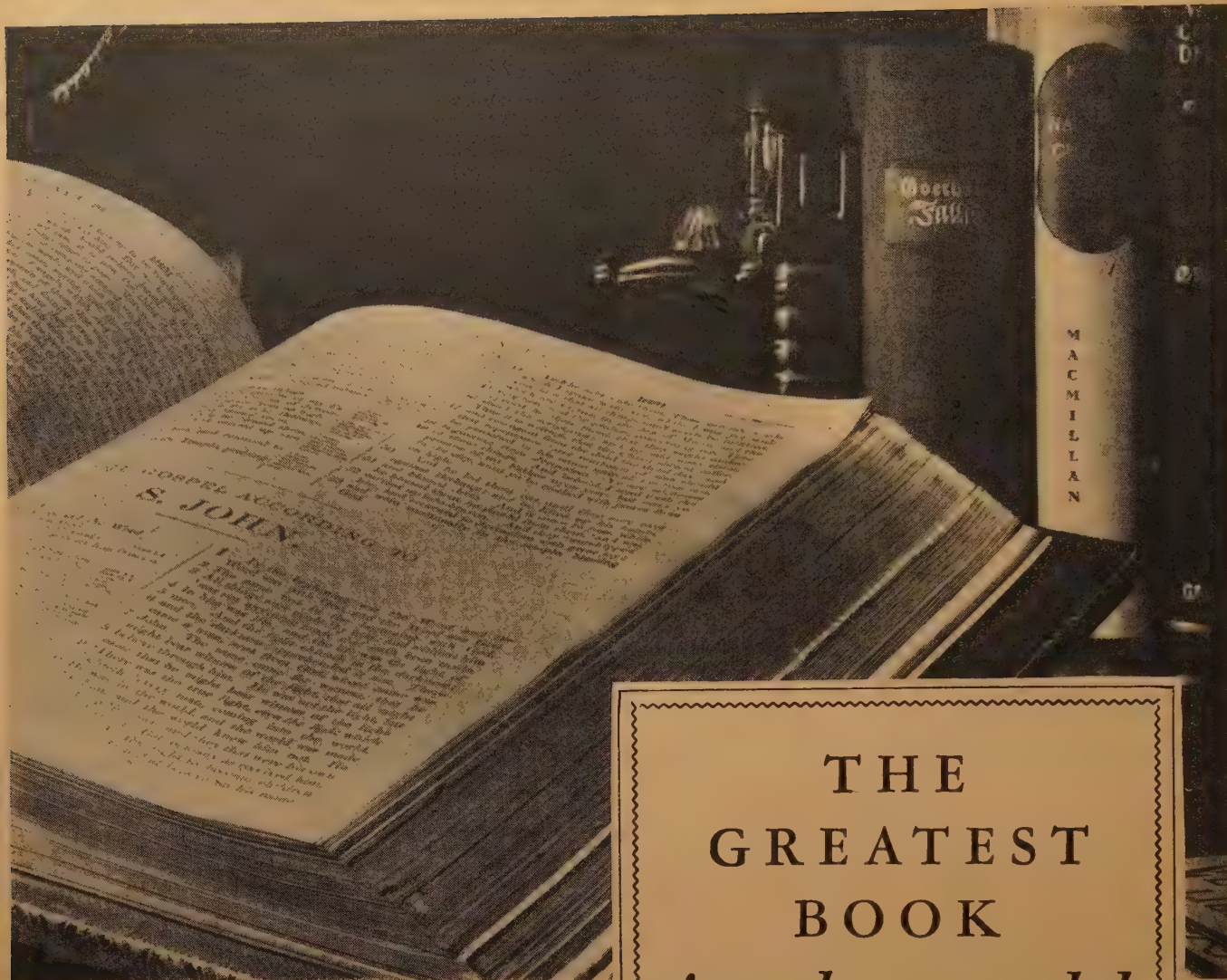


PHOTO BY ELLIS O. HINSEY, FROM LODER

# THE GREATEST BOOK *in the world*

*By A. Edward Newton*

[PART ONE]

**M**OST emphatic statements will be challenged by someone, but that the Bible is the greatest book in the world will, I think, be admitted. To be sure, a person seeking an argument might say, "What Bible do you mean?" to which I, being anxious to avoid a discussion, would reply, "Any of them," for there are many; but I have in mind chiefly two, the two that the English-speaking world knows best: the Latin Bible, usually called the Vulgate, and the Authorized or King James Version, published in London in the year 1611.

For many centuries—just how many any scholar will tell you; I do not know—the writings of learned men upon stone, clay, papyrus, parchment, and finally upon paper, had resulted in the creation of a caste: men who could read, men who sitting silently before a written or painted manuscript could follow in their minds the thoughts of other men. This, I submit, is the greatest achievement of the human mind; it is a sort of "radio" into that space which we call time. No "aerial" was required; there was no sound; yet a man sitting silently behind the written page could, with a little skill, learn all the best that has been thought or done in the

world. Needless to say, these manuscripts, the product of a staff of writers and illuminators who worked upon them—for years, it may be, upon a single book—were of very great value, and it was not unusual for them to carry on the first page, by way of warning, a notice which might be thus translated: "He who steals this book or conceals it, it having been stolen; or deletes this inscription, is excommunicate." Not much but enough.

With the growth of learning there arose an ever-increasing demand for books; but the method of producing them by means of a quill and brush made them so costly that they were the exclusive possession of princes, either of the Church or of the

State. Museums and libraries of the Old and, to a lesser extent, of the New World, now possess many superb examples of these books, and when we peer at the priceless treasures of the past, carefully screened with glass, in museums, we exclaim: "How wonderful!" And yet, wonderful as they are, they are as nothing compared with the printed page.

The story of the printed book, reduced to its simplest terms, may be briefly stated. Scholars are generally agreed that the art of printing, as we know it, had its birth in Germany. In the earliest examples of printing, not only illustrations but text were cut in relief on solid blocks of wood, but it was not until the invention of movable metal types, capable of innumerable combinations of letters forming words, that printing may be said to have come into existence. The honor of this great discovery has been, by general consent, awarded to Johannes Gutenberg. Of his life we know relatively little, but we know that about 1450 he was negotiating with one Fust, a goldsmith, for a loan to carry on his invention, and that a few years later there was a falling-out between the two men, as is not unusual between inventors, over the division of the resulting



*Mr. A. Edward Newton is acknowledged to be one of the foremost book collectors and authors in the United States. His library in Philadelphia contains some of the rarest old books and manuscripts in the world. We are glad to present his comments on the Bible from the collector's viewpoint—The Editors*



profits or losses; meantime the great Bible was completed.

It is possible, before the work of printing so important a book was undertaken, that several smaller ventures were made, but no book has yet been discovered in which are employed the types used in this Bible, and we are sure that the Bible was the first important effort of the great inventor. As an example of printing it has

rived from that famous text his authority for placing horns on the head of his famous statue of Moses, the lawgiver.

A word as to the book itself. It gives no information as to the time when it was printed, or the place, or the printer. It has no title page or colophon, its six hundred and forty-one pages are unnumbered, and there are no catchwords to help us in collation. It is printed in Latin, in

large Gothic characters in double columns, forty-two lines to a column. After printing a few leaves, the printers decided to get more lines to a page and also to increase the size of the edition, which necessitated reprinting the pages that had first passed through the press; these pages have forty two lines. Hence this Bible is frequently referred to as the "Forty-two line Bible," and it is also sometimes called the Mazarin Bible, for the reason that, while it was believed to exist, no copy was known until it was discovered in the library of the great French Cardinal. The printing was done both upon vellum and upon paper; which was first used, cannot be determined, but it is generally believed that the paper copies are the earliest.

The printing was done in imitation of writing, which by some it was at first believed to be, in a brilliant black ink of quality which has defied the centuries. The headlines, the accents—that is to say, the red marks which stress the capital letters—and the illuminated initials, where they occur, are in every case supplied by hand, and in varying degrees of beauty and excellence. In a (Continued on page 57)

**D**omin⁹ regit me et nichil michi deerit: in loco pascue ibi me collocavit. Super aquā refectio⁹is educavit me: animā meā cōvertit. Deduxit me super semitas iusticie: ppter nomen suū. Nam et si ambulavero in medio umbre mortis non timebo

At the right is a reproduction, reduced, of a full page from the Gutenberg Bible. Above is a facsimile reproduction, actual size, of the first paragraphs of the Twenty-third Psalm, from the same Bible

never been surpassed. Of all the arts, printing at its birth more nearly reached perfection than any other. It has indeed been said that it is the only art in which no progress has been made: that the first example of printing is the best. And to Gutenberg is given the credit for the great discovery of this "art preservative of the arts." The time, 1450-1455, the place, Mainz or, as we would call it, Mayence.

It is a great book, the Vulgate, a wonderful book: the production of a monk, who, fifteen hundred years ago, exchanging the luxury and learning of Rome for the barren seclusion of a cell at Bethlehem in Palestine, carried through, practically unaided, a translation and revision of the Hebrew Scriptures; and, with the help of Greek and Latin manuscripts of the New Testament, produced a book which for more than a thousand years reigned supreme and unchallenged throughout western Europe. The monk, whom the world calls St. Jerome, served it well; the most learned man of his age, his work has been called "the pride and pillar of the Latin Church," and a great Anglican scholar says, "It is to Saint Jerome that Europe stands forever indebted for the preservation of her spiritual and intellectual inheritance from the blind deluge of Northern barbarism." What a tribute! And it is repeated by Dr. Penniman, the Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, who points out in his Book about the English Bible that it was upon the Vulgate that the whole literature and art of Western Europe depended, from the time that Christianity became the prevailing religion down to the time Michelangelo de-

obsedit me. Poterūt manus meas et pedes meos: dīnūmētauerūt omnia ossa mea. Ipsi vero cōsidētauerunt et inspergērūt me: diuīserunt sibi vestimenta mea: et sup velle meā misērūt sponnam. Et aut hūc ne elongaueris auxilii tui: ad defensionē meā aspice. Et rur a frātra dāus animā meā: et de manu canis unīcā meam. Salua me ē ore leonis: et a cornib⁹ unicorniū humiliat meā. Nō creabo nomen tuū scāmib⁹ meis: in medio ecclesie laudabo te. Qui nimis dñm laudare rō: unīcū semē iacob glōrifica te. Qūnear rō omīe lauri israhel: quonīā nō sperat neq; despect⁹ expectat omē pauperis. Nec auertit faciem suā a me: et rō clamāb⁹ ad te quādiu uiuē me. Aspice te laus mea in ecclesia magna: uox mea reddā in cōspēctu nimēti tui. Ad te pauperes et sanāb⁹: hūc: et laudab⁹ dñm qui requirit eū: unūc tota eorū in scām seculi. Reuīniscantur et conuertantur ad dñm: unīcū fides mea. Et adorabunt in cōspēctu t⁹: unīcū familie gentium. Quonīā dñs est regnū: et ipse dñabitur gentiū. Nō audirent et adorarent omēs pingues terre: in cōspēctū eius cadēt omnes qui ascēdūt in terram. Et anima mea illi orat: et leuati uelut ipi. Annūciabunt dño gēneratō uirtutū: et annūciabunt ei iusticiā t⁹: p̄pō qui nāscetur quē fecit dominus. psalm⁹ dauid XXII

**D**omin⁹ regit me et nichil michi deerit: in loco pascue ibi me collocavit. Super aquā refectio⁹is educavit me: animā meā cōvertit. Deduxit me super semitas iusticie: ppter nomen suū. Nam et si ambulavero in medio umbre mortis non timebo

mala: quonīā cū mecum rō. Trega tua et baculus tuus: ipa me cōsolata sunt. Parafti in cōspēctu meo mēdā: adūsus rō qui tribulāt me. Impinguasti in oleo caput meū: et calx meus intēctio quā pēlaris rō. Et misericordiā tua subsequetur me: omībz dñbz uir me. Et ut in habitem i domo domini: in longuādinē dñm. psalm⁹ dauid in p̄na subbat. XXIII

**D**omin⁹ est terra et plerūdo rō: ortus terrarū et uniuersū qui habitant in rō. Quia ipse sup maria fundavit eū: et super flumina preparauit eū. Quā ascēdit in mōntē dñm: aur quis habitabit in loco sancto rō? Innotescit manib⁹: mūdo corde: qui non accipit in uano animā suā: nec uir in dolo proximo suo. Nō accipit benedictio⁹ a dñg: et misericordiā a dño saluator suo. Nec est gratiā querentū eū: querentū facit in iacob. Extollit portas principes ustrarū et eleuamini porte cerniales: et introibit rex glorie. Quis ē iste rex glorie? dñs fortis et potens: domin⁹ p̄pō in p̄lio. Extollit portas principes ustrarū et eleuamini porte cerniales: et introibit rex glorie. Quis est iste rex glorie? domin⁹ uirtutum ipse est rex glorie. In fine psalm⁹ dauid XXIII

**A**d te dñe leuāti animā meā: et dñe i te dñs nō rubescit. Nō req̄rēdeant me inimici mei: cernim⁹ uniuersū qui sustinet te nō confundentur. Confundantur omīes iniqui agerēs: super uanie. Quas tuas domine demōstra michi: et scinitas tuas edoce me. Dirige me in ueritate tua et doce me: quia tu rō dñs saluator me⁹: et te sustinui tota die. Remittēte misericordiā tuā uirum dñe: et misericordiā





*"You and your people are the victims of a colossal hoax. How do you know that you are not to pay the taxes on that building of yours?"*

# WHITE HORSES

*By Helen Welshimer*

In the three preceding instalments of this story we have met Terry Maxwell, reporter, trying to find out what is the crooked scheme behind the building of a skyscraper church; Julie Brant, girl reporter, in love with Terry, but afraid she is losing him to Natalie Worthington, daughter of a wealthy man who poses as a philanthropist; Peter Graham, working for a struggling "reformer" paper; and Briggs Burns, attorney for Worthington. Coming home from a visit in the country, Julie and Terry find that a bridge has gone out during the heavy storm which is raging, and accompany a boatman to the rescue of the marooned people. Now go on with Part IV:

**A**S JULIE rode with Terry into the widened stream of the raging river, suddenly her own problems were no longer important. What did it matter if Terry married Natalie? What did anything matter when one fought for life? There would be tomorrow, when the river would be quiet, flowing serenely through the freight yards and the pastures and the valleys, but she did not think of that now. There was work to be done. She was not frightened. She was conscious of Terry's quiet strength. Once he smiled

at her but they did not try to call across the noise of water.

On their second trip—for they went ashore to leave one load—they found a woman and four children on the roof of a small house. As the boat carried them away, the woman scanned every passing box, automobile tire and broken board that swept past in a strange democracy.

"Is someone lost?" Julie cupped her hands around her mouth to call, forgetting the oar a second.

"It's my Antonio," the woman answered.

"My husband. He helped us to the roof, oh, so carefully, out of the window and up." Her voice shook, then steadied itself with effort. "But my Antonio could not make it though I reached and called. He grabbed something. I could not see. It was—still. Life—life without my Antonio will not be so good."

*Life without my Antonio.* . . . All the way back Julie held the words. Held them while she told Terry they must search for Antonio when the party had been delivered to the rescue station, and he nodded in swift understanding. Maybe there was something called love that could defy the elements, Julie was thinking. She looked at Terry's face as he piloted the boat to shore, and watched him, infinitely tender with his charges, as he assisted them. Was this the same Terry who, such a short time ago, had used people as pawns to make a story? Of course he had been kind and honest before, but he had not thought deeply into the lives of those of whom he wrote. Maybe he would write a great book now, some day. . . .

Giving one's self to others—that was life, Julie's thoughts ran on without her guidance. Maybe there was a love so big that it did not ask one man's affection but could encompass the world, give and give without seeking largesse. Such love could be a bulwark though the water fell for forty days and forty nights.

The girl whose rust cape and green dress were sodden and limp, and the man whose evening taitleur was an unpressed piece of black, climbed into the boat once more and swung away from the high tension wires, piloted themselves around and around the wreckage, and searched for Antonio. They called his name. First, Terry's deep voice; then Julie's lighter, huskier tones.

As they hunted, Julie prayed again, looking into that immensity of space and silence that stretched above them—prayed to the God who sat on the golden throne on the picture postcards of Sunday School days. Through flood, through fire, through valleys of tribulation the road might wind, but she would go with it. Out of the storm there had come peace and understanding.

Then they found Antonio.

He was unconscious but he had gained the protection of a roof down the river when he was swept away. There he had collapsed. Now the boat went faster on its journey to shore, and from a motor launch a radio gave warnings that the rescue teams should be on the watch for more barrels of gasoline that had been released from a warehouse and were floating downstream.

Terry did not talk much as they finished their work. At the rescue station, Briggs and Martha were waiting.

"Did Natalie go home?" Terry asked tersely.

"Not that girl!" Martha answered, her voice tinged with sarcasm. "She went on to the party. She never went to a musical before, when the river pounded an accompaniment."

"Then I needn't look her up." There was such relief in his voice that the others caught it. "When's the next train to town, Briggs?"

"You're not catching it! I have plenty of places for people to bunk. And you need a gallon of hot coffee and some dry clothes."



Terry gave in to the persuasion at last, but he called the *Star* and reported the flood. Of his own part and Julie's he said nothing.

"But you would make a grand story, Julie," he told her anxiously. "Girl Reporter Helps Man Boat That Effects Rescue!"

"Skip it!" she commanded. "Can't I do something nice for somebody without getting all over the paper for it?"

The approving light in Terry's eyes was so strong and so unexpected that Julie caught her breath.

"Julie, you're all right!" he said. That was all. But she went upstairs to a hot bath, and the warm bed in the room she shared with Martha, feeling she had been given an accolade. She was half asleep when Martha slipped up the stairway, and snapped on a dim rose-covered light in the far corner of the room. Outside, there was the persistent beat of the rain on the windows, diminishing though, as the storm slowly subsided. It was good to know that the people who lived along the river were safe. Better still to know that she had a

small part in achieving that safety. Martha came to her own twin bed, turned out the lamp, was still.

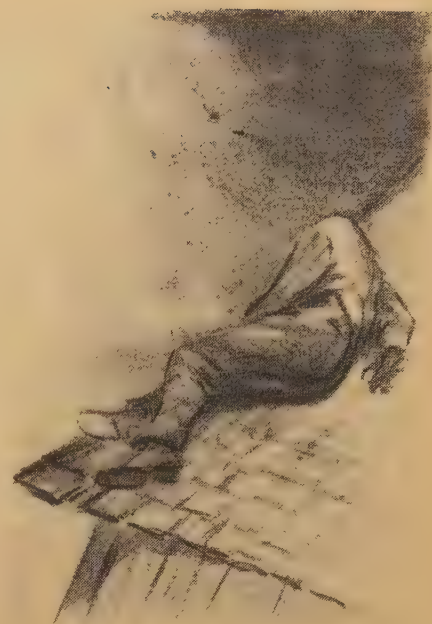
"Julie," she said at last.

"Yes? Isn't it glorious to be safe and warm?"

"I wasn't thinking of that. I was being glad that Terry caught on to Natalie tonight."

"He will think she had a case of nerves—frightened because he was in danger. People have a habit of interpreting motives as they please, Martha. You know that."

Terry, returning to New York late the afternoon following the flood rescues, went straight to the office of the *Star*. He was not needed but he had a curious sense of haste. He wanted to break his story on the skyscraper church. So he went over his notes carefully, and then, noticing that it was nearly time for church to be over, he went down the street, turned twice and came to the Tabernacle church. Dr. Jackson, the pastor, came back to him at the close of the service. He took Terry into his study, an old-fashioned room with a wine-red carpet and draperies and book-



*Then they found Antonio. He was unconscious, but he had gained the protection of a roof down the river, when he was swept away*

lined walls. It was mellow with cherry light, and the sounds of the city were muted.

Terry stated his case briefly. "Dr. Jackson, you're being taken for a ride."

"Taken for a ride?" the minister repeated. "Done in, you mean? Stung?"

"You and your people are victims of a colossal hoax. How do you know that you aren't to pay the taxes on that building of yours? You are the real owners, in sight of the law. You have to be to keep your land. . . ."

For an hour they talked, while a gas fire burned in the grate and the sexton closed all but the outer door and went home. There were three men invested with power on the board of the Tabernacle Church Corporation. That they should be bribed or assent to a crooked arrangement was something their minister refused to concede. Rather, he thought that the whole matter had been an oversight. Or if there was wrongdoing anywhere it was entirely within the hands of the cooperating real estate company.

Terry didn't argue. But he hastened his investigation. The minister was right, he discovered. There was a catch in the contract, one that the church board would not notice. It gave the company a chance to twist the terms to its own advantage. He wanted a double-check on it, though, so he took the matter to Briggs Burns.

The young attorney leafed through the papers, his brows drawn. Then he gave vent to some ejaculations that were all the confirmation Terry needed.

"How do they think they can get away with this?" he asked.

"Dealing with churchmen," Terry answered. "Business has an idea that the church won't fight—that it will turn the other cheek and empty the collection plates."

Briggs faced the tall youth who sat across from him, and spoke slowly. "Mind taking a little advice, Terry? I mean, mind listening to it? Don't mess up in this. Tip off the church, if you must, but stay clear yourself."

"What?"

"Won't do you any good."

"Be a coward, you mean? Who's mixed



up in this that can frighten me? Thanks for the kind spirit, my lad, but I'm going through. Nothing but a touchdown this time."

Briggs held out his hand. "I admire your nerve. Go to it! And—good luck!"

Terry took Julie into his confidence. He had to talk to someone, and she was more likely to understand. But there was nothing she could give, in the way of advice. Wandering down the avenue, on her way home that evening, she met Peter. With a feeling of guilt she realized that she had not seen him for a long time. Once or twice he had telephoned. Once he had asked her to go to dinner but she had been busy. Gossip had it that the *Express* was to be sold soon now. Peter admitted it, and added that the remaining staff members were waiting eagerly for the time to come. Reorganization with more money, an increased staff, and added power would assist it, in its clean-up campaigns. The owner didn't want to sell.

"YOU'RE tired, Peter," Julie said. "You've been working fourteen and sixteen hours, haven't you? You and your chief are dreamers—but nice ones. Your paper will begin to pick up."

"Sure it will," Peter conceded. "Two linotype men were paid off today. We will be eating the telephone books about tomorrow and start on the wire dispatches next day—that is, if the wire service lasts that long!"

"Hadden't your owner better sell?" Julie asked, trudging along by Peter as they went down the avenue, which was flooded with a warm blue light tonight, as though spring hesitated some place across the river.

"Women are practical creatures, Julie," he answered. "Yes, he'll sell. Maybe the staff will be replaced. Maybe some of us will stay. The *Express* was fighting for something. I hate to see it go down. But I've worked on other papers—half a dozen of them. I can do it again. Maybe the policy will stay the same."

Peter left Julie at the corner. She bought a handful of early violets from a flower vender and went on to the apartment.

"Briggs is calling you every five minutes," Martha said. "It's important, he says."

The phone rang again. It was Briggs.

"Julie, how much influence have you with Terry?" he asked.

"WHAT a funny question! I haven't the slightest idea. None, I imagine."

"Tell him, when you get a chance, to lay off that church skyscraper story for a few days. Something may break to help matters." His voice was worried.

"What may break, Briggs?"

"Julie, you're the most aggravating woman I ever knew. This is a friendly tip. Tell the boy, won't you?"

"Tomorrow when I see him. You seem to be in a dreadful hurry." Julie was enjoying his discomfiture.

"It's another dinner at the Worthingtons. A dull evening, but Worthington's a client and I have to fill in occasionally at his dinners."

"Have a nice time," Julie caroled. "And I'll tell Terry."

The next morning Terry found out what he wanted to know, as he sleuthed around.

It was Basil Worthington who was the controlling figure in the Acme Real Estate Company.

Whitefaced, sterneyed, jubilant, the special assignment writer of the *Star*, now on the religious desk, hurried back to his office. Now he could spill the story. But the managing editor was tied up in an important conference; his secretary said. He wouldn't be free until four o'clock.

Terry couldn't find Julie, either. He didn't dare talk to Miss Leighton. He pulled out his book and tried to write, for there was no church copy needing attention. He crossed to the water cooler for a drink so many times in half an hour that he became conspicuous. Only once did he think of Natalie. Then he drew a long breath of relief that he had not been a guest at the Worthington home since the night in Connecticut. He had sent flowers to Natalie, with a note of apology. The kid had been unnerved, that was all. He had been hurt when she did not attempt to get in touch with him. He could not believe that she had known what she was saying about the people whose lives were in danger. Now he was glad that he was free to do as he pleased.

Basil Worthington's beaming countenance floated in front of him, and he went into the picture morgue.

"May I have the envelopes with Worthington's pictures?" he asked Miss Hetty, who was librarian.

"Here they are—four envelopes," she told him presently. He emptied them on a cleared table. There was Basil in top coat and fedora, watching an Armistice Day Parade. There he was, greeting the governor. And here, coming back from China. There were photographs, candid camera shots, group pictures and enlarged heads. The man was tall, broad-shouldered and imposing. His silvery-white hair lent distinction to his lean face.

Looking into one of the faces, Terry said: "Old Pharisee! So you build over a tenement district, as it ought to be, with one hand and rob a church with another! Nice contract you drew up, so the church would have to bear the taxes by its own agreement! But you didn't want your name in it, did you? Not you! Not old Basil, the giver!" He reached out with a strong brown fist and smashed the glossie print right in the middle of its face. Then, feeling much better, he smiled widely at Miss Hetty, and went back to his desk.

It was after four when the managing editor appeared. A few people had prior engagements, so it was nearly five when Terry went up to the corner where he sat at a wide desk.

"Well, Maxwell?" he asked. "Want to be transferred back to the old stand?"

"I didn't come about that," Terry answered.

His chief motioned to a chair. "Sit down. What's troubling you? Miss Leighton working you too hard?" He was in high good humor. "Too many church meetings? Get it out of your system, boy."

Terry did. Clearly, quickly, concisely he told his story. The managing editor stopped smiling and listened keenly. Now and then he made a sound which passed for an exclamation.

"So there's our expose, Mr. Bradfield. All we have to do is go to town with it."

The older man didn't speak. He was quiet so long that Terry glanced at him in puzzled wonder. Then he gave a sigh compounded of great weariness. "It's no good, Terry."

"No good?"

"We can't play with it. We can't run it."

"But it's true. I've proved every step—"

The editor waved a quieting hand. "Not so fast, Terry. I don't doubt your word. But we can't touch it." There was finality in his tone.

When he spoke Terry lashed his anger into cool tones. "Why not, sir?"

"Because Basil Worthington is a heavy stockholder of this paper. The transaction just came off a few days ago. It will be announced in a day or two."

For a second Terry did not believe that he had heard rightly. He had thought of this moment for so long that his ears must be playing him false. But his boss was repeating the words.

"Then this is his paper now?" Terry asked slowly.

"A good part of it. We'll give him credit for honorable actions in the church affair. I'd rather not know anything about it, Terry."

"I see! The man's a crook—a lowdown—I beg your pardon, sir. I'm handing you my

resignation now!"

"You can't do that!" The older man's voice was commanding, curt. "Listen, Maxwell, we all have our dreams when we're young. We're going to ride a white horse to the tournament. I had them, too. But the world isn't made for crusaders. It hasn't any time for them, any place for them. It runs down white horses. You have to get on the band wagon and go along."

"Don't think we stand for crime. We

(Continued on page 50)

## FAITH

Ruby Dell Baugher

I have a little white candle

That lights my way through rain,  
Through storm and stress and sordidness  
And through enduring pain.

It shows me how to shun the stones  
That lie along my path,  
It brings me blooms and rare perfumes  
And sunset's aftermath.

My little candle came from God  
Instead of reprimand;  
He lit it There with tender care  
And placed it in my hand.

"Take it, child," He said to me.  
"Enough light will it lend."  
God, let it burn till I return  
It at my journey's end.



Carved angels from the beautiful doorway of Strasbourg Cathedral, Alsace-Lorraine. The Cathedral was completed in 1439, the same year that Gutenberg arrived there to finish his invention of printing

# The Temple Beautiful

A SERMON BY

Ralph S. Meadowcroft

**T**HE other day I had business in New York, and after the work was finished I walked along some of the city's well-known streets. It was a beautiful day; the shop windows were displaying their most attractive possessions—particularly the dress and clothes shops, which offered their finest winter styles. Finally, I entered what is to me one of the really beautiful churches of the world. It was about five-thirty in the afternoon, the light of the sun was just dimly filtering through the windows. No lights were illuminating the nave and just shadow lights played upon the magnificent reredos. The great pillars of the arch almost disappeared in the dimness above—one seemed isolated from the world, lost in the majestic silence of the Ultimate. I sat down toward the rear of the church and let the atmosphere of the building lead my thinking—the thought of this sermon was the result.

Did you ever go into a great and beautiful church and let it mold your mood? Not at a service, for then the people around you disturb the influence. As you sit there, thinking of nothing particularly, influences seem to move toward you from the walls, the vaulted ceiling, the altar—and as time passes you find yourself thinking thoughts which would never come in the hurly-burly of the street outside.

Now, what is it in these surroundings which thus moves the human spirit? First of all, it is the effect of certain structural features which impress the im-



TEXT, I CORINTHIANS, 3:16

Know ye not that ye are the temples of the Holy Spirit?



© Black Star

agination. The great nave of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is two hundred and sixty-five feet to the ceiling. One day the Bishop of New York was walking through the cathedral, and saw a man standing in the nave, looking up. He asked the man if he liked the design. "I am an unbeliever," replied the man, "but if I came to church here I would have to believe in God—the height of that roof would make me believe in Him."

There is also the effect of subdued beauty. The influence of a church is altogether different from the effect of the glaring symmetry of Radio City. You wander around a beautiful church, and in out-of-the-way crannies you find details of care and finish which gradually increase the feeling of reverence. And where the minutest care is taken it molds the mind in definite fashion. When St. Paul's Cathedral was being constructed in London, someone noticed a large number of beautifully sculptured angel figures and asked the architect, Sir Christopher

Wren, where they were to be placed. "In various places," was the reply. "Some are to go over the doors, on the porches, and some are to be placed on the roof." "But why waste these beautiful figures high up on the roof line?" asked the man. "Why not have cheaper figures for those places where they cannot be clearly seen?" "You do not understand," was Sir Christopher's answer. "These statues on the doors are to be seen by men. Those high up on the roof will be seen by the angels."

Is it not Sir Christopher's attitude which really grips one in a church? You feel that love has built these walls, this tracery, and the statuary. It isn't just a commercial proposition, explained in design, construction and dollars and cents. It is rather, "I have built Thee an house of habitation, and a place for Thee to dwell in."

Sometimes the less costly, even less beautiful church, impresses more strongly than others. Have you ever been in The Little Church (Continued on page 71)





© Wide World

**F**ROM the holocaust of revolt and civil war in Spain, with its affrighting toll of death, injury and disease, and of property loss and damage, a great and permanent good promises to result with the close of the conflict, now apparently entering upon its final stage. That will be the cementing of the now warring factions of Spain's people and the uniting of that truly great nation of almost twenty-five million in a singleness of purpose and the working toward a future of productive labor when all foreign military elements shall have withdrawn from Spanish soil.

One of the drawbacks to political and social unity in Spain both before and after the collapse of the monarchy was the regional detachment of vast areas and their peoples from the body politic of the nation. Although the basic ethnological elements of population were fewer by far than in many better welded states of modern Europe, it appeared at times that the people of the mighty region of Andalusia, for example, were far apart in spirit and understanding from the northern areas, such as Castilla, Aragon and Galicia. Despite the geographical compactness of the Spanish republic, there was no such community of ideals or *esprit de corps* prevailing as exists between our New England and Middle Atlantic States and those of Dixie.

Like the Southern Irish of Britain's erstwhile "family", both the Catalan and the Vasco groups long have sought freedom from Spanish rule. The two peoples are racially distinct from Spain's great majority and have their own tongues, which in no sense are dialects or *patois*, but definite legitimate languages of origins wholly alien to *castellano*. The Vasco, indeed, is

so completely different and distinctive that it defies all attempts of the Spaniard to master it, for it is almost wholly devoid of Latin or Arabic roots—the basis of Spanish—or of those of any other European idiom of today. For this reason the native Basques, populating the southwestern frontier *departments* of France, cousins of Spain's Vascos, speak a language unintelligible to their Gallic compatriots. The ultimate dream of Vasco and Basque is an independent state embracing the border provinces of both countries in which they predominate. Too, Vasco and Basque, like the Catalans, have their own distinctive literature and folk-lore, music and art and cultural standards.

The Vascos occupy the eastern salient of the *Mar Cantabrica*, as the Bay of Biscay is known in Spain, while the Catalans dominate the rich northeastern region of Cataluña, abutting on the French frontier, which has Barcelona as its capital, and the Balearic Islands and, in numbers and social and political influence, overflow into the region of the Levante, centering about

Valencia, its capital. The Catalans date their antecedents to the Visigoths, who drove the Roman legions from the Mediterranean littoral of France and Spain. The ethnological and language origins of Vasco and Basque are lost in the morning years of history.

Within the twenty months (to March) of internecine warfare elapsing since the revolt of July, 1936, the intense provincialism which was a characteristic of the Spain of old has been unsettled, if it has not been shattered. On the battle-lines and in the trenches on both sides of the present conflict, the Andalusian from the south has come to know his brother from the Asturias and Estremadura. This fraternizing of whole groups, socially and by distance removed, but racially undivided, may even come to have its effect upon the Vasco and Catalan aspirations for independence—whether a favorable or an unfavorable effect, only the outcome of the war and postwar developments will determine.

Americans who know intimately the

# They who have

What will be the result of the civil war in Spain? This article by one who spent many years there—and was in Barcelona when the war began—is informing and prophetic

By HARRY CHAPIN PLUMMER





## ever sought Ruin

Spain of today know that, all political considerations aside, the country, at the outbreak of July, 1936, presented the spectacle of a land in the transitional stage, in the birth throes, so to say, from one of agricultural and mining pursuits and limitations to one of rapidly expanding manufacturing industry. As in all such cases, economic issues and the inevitable conflict between capital and labor have been bound to come sharply to the fore.

While the "high pressure" aspects of our American mass production industrial system were lacking in Spain at large in the years preceding the revolution, the work-a-day life of such metropolitan centers as Barcelona, Madrid, Valencia and the rest took on a snappy, a dynamic, quality that made each of them seem almost homelike to resident Americans and Canadians.

The prewar status of labor in the Peninsula, due to the unbelievable selfishness, inertia and "pig-in-the poke" attitude of many employers, correspond to that which made the textile mills, shoe factories, machine shops and other plants of the "Industrial East" of the United States in the '80's and '90's veritable "infernos of toil". In this country, however, labor agitation kept within reasonable bounds, the growing influence and power of the press, a resulting education of all classes of the public and the arousing of their sympathies, followed by constructive measures in Congress and the state legislatures gradually brought about the steady im-

provement of labor conditions. These mighty changes have been effected by due process of law under a democratic form of government.

Some shattering of favorite misconceptions regarding Spain and her people is essential to a proper readjustment of foreign estimate of the Spaniards and their destiny. Among the theories long nourished outside of Spain—one which has occupied a somewhat unjustly disproportionate place in gauging her status from without—has been that of the illiteracy, poverty and laziness of her population as a whole. That up to the downfall of the monarchy, a decade ago, there had existed illiteracy and particularly so among the fisher-folk of Spain's extensive coast line and among the agrarian peoples of her more remote rural and mountain sections; and that, even, following the inception of the republic, there was widespread unemployment and its concomitant effect in want and destitution in certain lines of industry, is not to be gainsaid.

To think of the Spanish people as steeped in ignorance and want is to envision the Spain of storied ages: the Spain of brigand-infested mountain passes, of smugglers and gypsies, of languishing señoritas and cloaked swains who plucked their guitars and sang serenadas beneath grilled windows. The Spain of tradition rather than of present actuality.

The Spain of the war now apparently nearing its end, and of the years before the war, still more of the postwar years

to come, is a Spain of chartered air transport and highway routes, of vestibuled express trains, of motor cars and motor bus systems, of traffic ordinances in town and over countryside. It is a Spain of flashing electric and Neon signs, of magnificent symphony orchestras and bands, of grand opera, of sumptuous theaters comparable to New York's or Chicago's. It is a Spain of 'phone switchboards in hotel, factory, office and apartment buildings and long distance calls over the nation and beyond to all parts of Europe and to Africa and the two Americas. It is a Spain of real estate developments and model housing; of the "deferred payment plan" for lots and dwellings, for automobiles, radios, refrigerators, furniture, pianos and musical instruments, and for furs, ready-made clothing, jewelry and football, golf and tennis equipment. It is a Spain of radio—yes, even the broadcast "glorification" of trade



*On page 30, the Cervantes statue in Madrid, showing Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, over whose ludicrous adventures all the world has laughed. A people who can thus immortalize those universal favorites, must possess an innate kindness and sense of humor. On this page, above, two Madrid youngsters who can smile despite the war; and, right, Luis Companys, President of Catalonia.*

• • •

marked laundry flakes, cough remedies, tooth pastes, shaving creams, cosmetics, all of native Spanish manufacture.

The stigma of laziness attaching traditionally to the Spaniard is derived from that for-all-time established institution, the midday siesta. Everywhere in Spain, with a few local variations, the hours of labor are generally from nine to one and from four to seven. From one to four the corrugated iron shutters seal all business establishments excepting cafés and restaurants. Their forces, from the boss to the office boy or errand girl repair, some to their homes, the rest to the cafés and public eating places and there spend the



ensuing three hours leisurely eating and drinking, and in playing games or just downright loafing. Those who go home follow their chosen pursuits of fancy work or gardening, mechanical tinkering, study or a game of pelota, the Spanish counterpart of baseball; the women and girls sewing, domestic duties, perhaps a nap. Contrast this system with ours in Anglo-Saxon lands, and what have we? Pretty fair equivalents in hours, labor, the expenditure of physical and mental energy. Because of the difference in ending of the day's labor, all shows, whether opera, drama or cinema, indoor sports, and all major social functions in Spain begin at ten P. M. and end anywhere after midnight. "Second-run" and contiguous picture-shows start at four, for the housewives and "kiddies," and run along to twelve-thirty or one A. M.

Combating the charge from abroad of wholesale poverty is the recorded announcement by the Spanish Ministry of the Treasury, just before the sullen glow of revolution spread over almost one-third the area of the republic, a year and a half ago, that the aggregate of deposits in the savings banks of Spain and of policy-holdings in the many Spanish mutual insurance companies of every type had reached their "all-time peak" levels. Both forms of thrift were relatively new to the Spanish masses, but the condition of Spanish savings banks and insurance holdings in July, 1936, certainly belied any suggestion of general poverty.

The modernizing influences of industrial progress, even in its most negative aspects and particularly so the less violent phases of labor solidarity, the "Popular Front" movement, sports contests and activities, highway development and the growth of motor and air transportation, the spread of motion picture films of Spanish native production and the influence of the radio, were all tending to break down the barriers of regionalism in the period just preceding the 1936 revolt, and now one of the very few unmixed "blessings" of the civil war is the fact that it, too, is furthering that end.

I was one of a colony of close upon half a thousand of our nationals from the United States who lived and worked in Barcelona when, like some visitation out of the Books of the Old Testament, the revolt of July, 1936, broke upon that city and the other Spanish industrial centers. Like most of our people, I had lived in or visited most of the other principal regions and cities of Spain. Having had the editorial and business representation of the European edition of the New York *Herald-Tribune* in Spanish Morocco and the Tangier International Settlement and later

at Seville and finally at Barcelona, I was brought almost daily into intimate contact with the Americans, as well as the large Canadian and English groups; and with native Spaniards of all classes.

It is a somewhat anomalous fact that the American, Canadian and British industrial representatives in Spain were responsible for some of the most radical of recent departures in Spanish business routine. An instance: the big assembling factories of the Ford and General Motors companies at Barcelona were the first voluntarily to introduce the five-day week. Their plants were closed on Saturday, as well as on Sunday, as they are in this country and Canada. Other North American and English interests and their Spanish affili-

hours and inadequate wages had come to prevail in factory, mine, shipyard, dock and field. Aggravating this condition was the lethargy and lack of enterprise, ingenuity and resourcefulness upon the part of the Spanish employer.

For example, a good-sized automobile manufacturing plant near Barcelona, operated by a Spanish company, persisted in turning out, in necessarily restricted volume, de-luxe cars that found a market in the wealthiest capitals of Europe, whereas American motor experts who regularly visited the plant realized that with relatively slight readjustment and capital investment it would have been capable of yielding, by mass production, a low-priced car that would compete successfully on its home ground with the Fords and General Motors product and the English, French, Italian, and other foreign makes popular in Spain because of their cheapness; and thus give employment to thousands, instead of to hundreds of men, while rendering infinitely greater return upon the plant's operations.

Because of such examples of lack of vision, thousands of innocent people died a hideous death in the months following the revolt, and a really great nation "went berserk"—and bankrupt—and was plunged into civil war.

Against a background of the lurid glare of revolution, of prison bars and the ever-ready firing squad, and of mass demonstrations of the frenetic love of his own Catalan people, there is emerging from Spain's fratricidal strife a figure that is one of Europe's most striking modern men of destiny—Luis Companys, president of the Generalidad of Catalonia. His capital, Barcelona, has now become Spain's capital; or, rather, is the capital of that almost one third of

the country which remains under the tricolor of the Second Republic.

Only in Grand Opera, in the most fantastic conception of stage or screen, do men live through episodes, through sustained ordeal and climax succeeding climax, as Companys has lived since December, 1933. His four-year career makes many epic characters and many epic moments in historic and romantic literature seem pallid by comparison.

Early in his career Companys, shorn of his official rank, was labeled "Traitor" by all those of Hispanic stock from the French frontier to Gibraltar. But in the hearts of his people he was more than ever enshrined as the symbol of Catalan liberty.

His trial in Barcelona was the *cause celebre* of the day. Each session in the crowded court room was attended by the wife of Com- (Continued on page 59)



*The Alcala, one of the most beautiful streets in the world*

ate units set the example by closing their establishments on Saturday afternoons, with the result that, of late years, the downtown commercial districts of Barcelona, Madrid, Valencia, Bilbao, Sevilla and other cities of the Peninsula presented closed fronts and deserted aspect after one o'clock on that day. Further, our corporations were beginning to exert a wholesome and salutary influence upon native business organizations throughout the country alike by their initiative and progressiveness, elimination of wasteful methods and systematic efficiency of operation.

Although the world does not give him credit for it, the average Spanish workman has a sense of fairness and sportsmanship equaled only by his traditional reputation for honesty.

Spain had suffered acutely from the economic depression prevailing the world over in the early half of this decade. Long





# Don't Fool Yourself OR YOUR LAWN

By L. W. C. Tuthill

**T**HERE was a time when I was constantly all hot and bothered about our lawn. It just plain ran me ragged. Then one day I sat down and talked it over with myself. As a result, came to two conclusions.

Number one, that trying to have a letter-perfect lawn was a life's work, and I had other work to do.

Number two, that I had taken too much advice and used too little old-fashioned common-sense.

Would you believe it, in days gone by we dug up the entire place three times and reseeded. Each time it meant at least a full two months before the grass was worth while, and tough enough to stand a turn of the heel without doing damage. In spite of all that digging up and starting anew, we had dandelions in the spring and crab-grass in August. Oodles of each. And we have both still, and always expect to have a certain amount. Dandelions are in the air.

Wash a dog of every known flea, and if he runs outdoors some fleas will hop aboard, and he'll start digging and scratching. Maybe David Harum was right, "that a dog had to have a few fleas to keep him from brooding on being a dog." So maybe too, a lawn needs a few dandelions and now and again some crab-grass.

Now it has always seemed to me the best way to keep a thing out, is to fix it so there isn't room for it to come in, without doing a lot of squeezing. The most discouraging thing for dandelions and crab-grass is a sod that's so thick and strong that squeezing in is all-fired discouraging.

Yes, you say, but how do you get a lawn that way?

Let's see, it's the middle of January as I write this. So surely, you say, there isn't a thing one can do about a lawn now. But you are wrong.

If there isn't any snow, you can put on bone meal. Take a look at the sod and you'll see the frost has opened up the soil, even to pushing the roots up some. All right, take advantage of that condition and sow on a goodly spreading of bone meal. It will fall into the uneven frost openings and around the roots. The rains and melting snows will carry it down around the roots. Of course, it would have been better if done along in November. But that's past. So do it now. And next November. The bone meal as you know, gives up its food slowly, which is exactly what the roots need. Put on now, it will be right there ready for gradual absorbing by the roots at the first start of growth this spring.

*When you ask an English gardener how he gets such a wonderful lawn, he's likely to say, "We just mows and rolls them for a couple of hundred years." But that is too long for us, so we do it in a couple of months. The above happens to be a glimpse of our lawn*

Generally along in March or April there's that one last snow. Sow your grass seed on the damp snow. It's the finest way to know whether you are doing it evenly. It shows up on the snow. The melting takes it right down into the loose soil, ready to come to life the first warm days. Furthermore, it will be a good strong growth with all the Spring's push in it.

As soon in early spring as your lawn doesn't pack, but while it still has some give to it, roll it both across and lengthwise. That firms the soil around the roots and takes the bumps out. You knew that anyway. But do you do it?

You have noticed how fast the grass grows and how frequently you have to mow it, up until the middle of June. Then it slows down. But it needn't slow down, if first of June you encourage it with a fairish gift of some such quickly assimilable prepared fertilizer as, say, "Vigoro." But do it after a rain, or a good sprinkling. If put on when ground is dry, believe it or not, a surprising amount will "leach off in the air." So if sown after a rain or sprinkling, the moisture of the soil will dissolve it, and the major portion then reaches the roots.

Right here let's chat a bit about the seed to use, and why. But why, the why, you ask? Just because that each season you should seed your lawn. It's the only way to keep it free from bare spots and so snug and grass-tight that weeds and crabgrass can't do that squeezing in I mentioned.

(Continued on page 62)



# EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces... wherever they appear... that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



## TO THINK IS TO BE

TO THINK is to be.

In a very unusual play, "Seventh Heaven," the principal character, Chico, exclaims frequently, "Chico is a very remarkable fellow." With a typical French gesture and a royal fling of the head, again and again the hero declares, "Chico is a very remarkable fellow." In the first act he is a sewer boy working in the dark beneath the avenue, catching only a glimpse of the blue sky through the grating above him; but the sun is in his soul and "loyal to the royal" in himself, he dreams his dreams, thinks his great thought and rises at last through struggle and blindness to his "Seventh Heaven."

"As a man thinketh in his heart"—as a man thinketh deeply in his innermost being—"so is he."

We may well have a terror of this evil that surrounds our thinking today. The glorification of the gunman even when he meets his fate at last; the flood of sex literature which engulfs all ages from pulp magazines, from the radio and from the screen; the threat to early adolescence made acute by so-called children's hours on the air, unsteady the present and are a menace to the future because directly and indirectly they make for unhealthy minds and neurotic spirits. Anything or anyone contributing evil to a nation's thought is a greater foe of a nation's life than an enemy from without.

BUT it is not with the negative that I would concern myself chiefly here; it is with the positive, with the royal thinking of a Chico. Thought knows no bounds of time or space and no limits of social circumstance. Thought may claim with the sweep of a single idea far islands and distant continents, and travel beyond the universe to possess worlds that astronomers have not yet found. Thought refuses weakness and laughs at poverty. A dying boy in a New York hospital held an autographed baseball in his hand—Babe Ruth's autograph it was—and the smile on the lad's face, which held to the last, told of a golden chariot of dreams in which he swept to Heavenly places. To think is to be!

A few nights ago I flew up from the South on the edge of a storm sweeping in from the West. We were forced off our route until we hung above the sand dunes of the Carolinas. Presently below us was "Kitty Hawk," where the Wright Brothers made their dream come true. To think is to be: and they thought of flight until they found the wings of the wind and the pinions of the birds, until they knew the secret of the eagle. Men called them fools and neighbors tapped their foreheads; but in their little shop, with their books and their tools and always with the passion of their purpose, they struggled on toward the day of their achievement. They believed and their faith prevailed.

With them, as with others of their world-conquering clan, thought is not a superstition. The jungle native cowers beneath the lightning, trembles when the thunder rolls and bows himself before the anger of his gods; but the thinker draws the lightning to his task, makes of his idea an engine for the service of mankind. Always a generation stands expectantly at the door of educated thought and no generation is wise enough or strong enough to allow corruption of its mind. Cities can little afford to have their school children tempted by this news-stand filth. I know of one group of young people now making a survey of their own community for the purpose of discovering the agencies and activities that contribute to juvenile delinquency. Presently they may lay before their elders a

report that will isolate the moral sore-spots that surround them, a report that will also locate the organizations and programs contributing to the physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual well-being of young men and young women.

Recently an application was filed for a taproom at the very door of a great university. While that particular application was being investigated, it was discovered that already there were fifteen taprooms within three blocks of this same university. By what stretch of the imagination can a present-day taproom be listed as an institution with any rights in an educational center? What has a taproom to contribute to the wellbeing of student America? How many of you want your sons and daughters to confront the solicitations of a taproom immediately before they pass into their college halls?

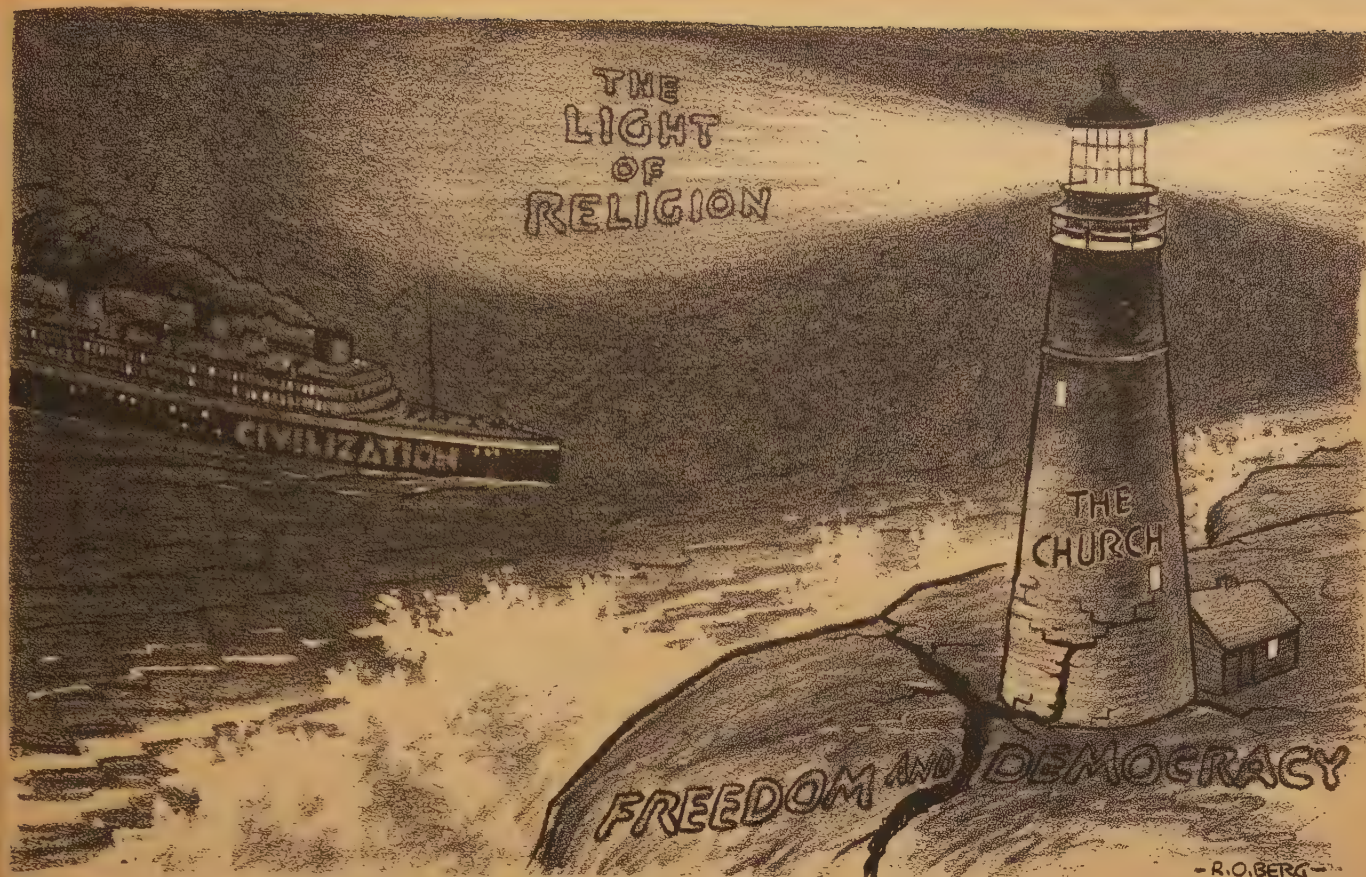
THE highest thinking is dedicated thinking. Men and women reach their greatest heights in character when they pledge their thoughts to worthy causes, when they dedicate their minds to the wellbeing of others. Whatever our theme we never tire of the mother illustration. Are not the loveliest thoughts those mirrored in the face of one who bends above her babe, or who follows her child into the ordeals, the triumphs and the defeats of life? Here is the beginning of selfless thinking, or of that unique selfishness, if you are of a certain scientific school, in which self finds its fulfillment in experiencing pain for others and in giving time and strength of soul to the happiness and fulfillment of the ones who are loved.

There came to my study a few weeks ago a young man without a job, one of that vast company of the youth of the nation's unemployed. He had searched everywhere. In an evening service of the church he had raised his hand for prayer. Now he desired a direct answer for his question. I could not answer his question. I did not have a job for him. My heart fairly broke then, as again and again it has been torn in the presence of similar circumstances. But I could and did tell him what I am telling you. He believed it. Presently he went out with his head up again. I have a letter that he wrote from a city in Pennsylvania, a letter that is confirmation for my own faith. What I told him was true. Because he refused to believe that he was defeated, he won a great victory. He found a job, found it in time not only to solve his physical problem but in such a fashion as to confirm his faith in man and in God.

I KNOW what you are saying: Years have passed since you had a permanent position. I know that some of you may be thinking of your own conversations with others in a position similar to mine. To you the answer has not come. You are still unemployed. You are still unanswered in your prayer. You are still facing disappointment after many reverses. But, sir, to think is to be. Stand fast! Believe! Refuse the thought of defeat! To think is to be!

There is a final word here that takes on proportions of great significance for us: "Keep the heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." This is more than a casual expression, a philosophical truth; it is at once a warning and a





## WHEN THE FOUNDATION GOES, THE LIGHT IS DOOMED

high command. Keep the heart. Protect it. Nourish it. Feed it with the finest. Associate it with the best in literature, in art, in music, and in friendship. "Keep the heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

Our thinking, the thinking of the nation, needs redemption. We have sinned against ourselves, against our children, against America, by polluting the streams of thought. Current literature, the radio and screen, public amusements and social customs, need a saviour. "As a man thinketh, so is he." And it was to the innermost being of man, to the fountain-head of life, that Jesus addressed Himself when He said, "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

Give me great thoughts, O God;  
Lend me the royal mind;  
Lead me where Truth has trod,  
Where faith has been refined.

I, too, would know the plan  
Thou hast to others taught.  
Crown me, a common man,  
With high and kingly thought.

What matters, then, my dole  
Upon this heavy clod,  
For in my cloistered soul  
I keep a tryst with God.

DANIEL A. POLING

### The "Forgotten Man"

WE THINK of the "forgotten man" when the church is too cold on a Sunday morning, or when the door

squeaks, or perchance where there is a bit of dust on the pews; but otherwise he is too often neglected in our thought of the folks who are really responsible for the smooth running of our local church. Yes, you know whom I mean. I am thinking of the church caretaker. In most cases he is a blessing and not the blight he is often represented as being.

Perhaps I have been unusually fortunate, but in two of the three churches I have served in my ministry, the caretaker has been a blessing to the whole church. There was "Smitty," as he was affectionately called by both young and old. Smitty brought with him all the shrewdness of his ex-horsetrader life, the business sense of his ex-storekeeper days, and the art of meeting people from his ex-insurance agent career. Depression days in Detroit turned his footsteps to his new career as caretaker.

In his new position in the church he poured forth his combined experiences into the role of fireman, housekeeper, errand boy and pastor's assistant. The chief ambition of his life was to keep the



Dr. Daniel A. Poling may be heard at 3 P.M. Sundays over station WMCA, New York, (570 Kilocycles), and WIP, Philadelphia, (610 Kilocycles). This Radio Conference is held in the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia and visitors are cordially invited to attend. The program lasts one-half hour, and includes music, a talk by Dr. Poling and questions and answers.

church clean and orderly and to help the pastor at every turn. No wonder the peo-

ple loved him, and when he married the housemaid in the Parsonage, joy turned into enthusiasm. The church sponsored a dinner at which two hundred were present to do him honor and speed him on his way with his new bride. Smitty became an institution as he continued his deeds of service in his adopted church.

Then came the experience with "Uncle Ed" in staid old City of Brotherly Love. Uncle Ed has been a member of the church for over twenty years and has served as financial secretary, trustee, basketball player, and general handy man. At present he is Sunday School secretary, keeper of statistics and church caretaker. The church has become Uncle Ed's first love. Every week he prints the church bulletin and cares for the notices of the church for the local papers. Every day in the week finds him cleaning, scrubbing, and busying himself about the tasks of a great and active church. Every Sunday finds him jumping from cellar to secretary's desk and back again to oversee the record of attendance.

Uncle Ed never misses prayer meeting. As he stands at the back of the room his presence lends a ministering-angel effect because of his consecration to his so-called humble tasks. There in the prayer-room on Thanksgiving Eve, Uncle Ed gave his testimony of what the Lord and His Church meant to him. There was a note of conviction backed up by a godly life which sent his message straight to the hearts of pastor and people.

God bless all the "Smittys" and "Uncle Ed's" in our churches! May their tribe increase!

ROLAND M. TRAVER



*This is the gate-house  
to Greenway. When you want  
the ferry to come for you from  
Dittisham, you ring the bell*

## A Garden in Old England

**T**HIS is garden party season in England and many of the beautiful grounds of fine estates are thrown open at least this once during the year. Nor are the parties always confined to the "idle rich" as to the guests invited. The ten thousand persons who attended the royal party at Buckingham Palace last week represented innumerable types and classes from all over the world. But whoever the guests may be, the host must have sufficient wealth to be possessed of a fine garden, one which not only lends itself to spacious entertainment but which will stand up under the appraising scrutiny of those entertained; for the English are a nation of gardening experts!

And more than mere wealth is required. Your host must have unlimited faith in the weather man. Not without reason does Queen Mary perpetually carry an umbrella instead of a scepter in this land of mists!

Even we simple people in the "provinces," even we in Devon itself, have an occasional look in at one of these charming festivities. Penn and I, late in June were invited to a garden party at Greenway. For all sorts of reasons, I was pleased to accept. Our host is a member of Parliament and his wife is quite his equal in political prestige. I had met them before and was glad they remembered me. And as an American, I was delighted to have the opportunity to see Greenway, the ancient home of Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who, you remember were half-brothers.

Greenway is one of the few beautiful estates still left undescrated on the River Dart. We reach it from our house by taking the road to famous old Dittisham, a road old beyond memory. Dittisham Ferry is at the foot of the hill on which Greenway lies. Jones, the taxi-man who takes us always, everywhere—who took my sister and me with our children to Scotland and who took my brother-in-law (famous as Paul's father!) on a slow-going prow from Brixham to Southamp-

ton, and who knows all our peculiarities, American as well as individual—called for us at four o'clock. Twenty minutes later, we had topped the tree-crowned hill which marked the beginning of the estate and were flashing into a veritable tunnel of shade; oaks and elms on one side of the road and mighty stone-pine, ivy-hung, so intertwined above the road that only tiny patches of sun could shine through.

When I say this is an ancient road, I mean that its authenticated history goes back at least a thousand years. It was not begun as a Roman road, in fact it is not known that the Romans used it. But the Saxons used it, the early Britons used it, and after law and order came to Devon—that is law and order of sorts—smugglers took over the deep-rutted path. Smugglers' boats could come up the Dart, anchor under the tree-hung banks and give over their forbidden goods to the pack-horses waiting. The earliest one of the Gilberts of whom I have found record at Greenway, inherited the property in the twelfth century, and the road has been used and the house has been in continuous

occupation all these intervening centuries.

When Penn and I turned in at the great gates, we found ourselves in a winding driveway, with a park which on one side sloped gently uphill and on the other side steeply down, to where, through the trees, one caught a glimpse of the distant Dart. There were automobiles in a continuous line and Penn and I were only too glad to get out and walk. One felt the need for the intimacy of the foot to the ground in such a place as this. We walked perhaps a quarter of a mile before we reached the house-place itself, reminding each other that along this path, Raleigh himself had come home from Virginia. Huge stone walls to the left of the driveway, told us that we had reached the garden-close which meant that the house must be at hand. And sure enough, beyond the fern-hung banks, suddenly appeared a wide expanse of lawn, then a great, white house, and beyond this the high lift of a terraced hill, wooded at the top.

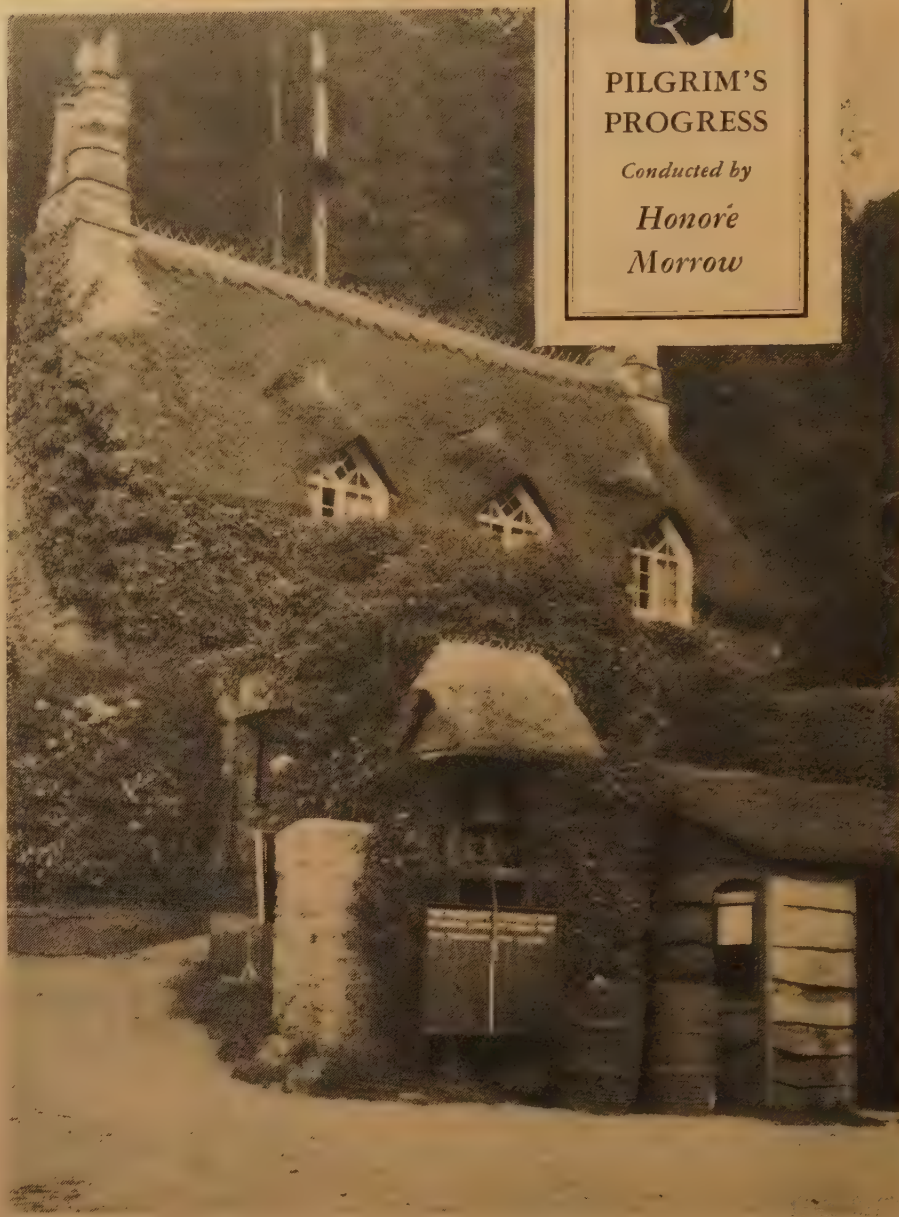
We were disappointed to see this placid Georgian building. Certainly a Tudor castle belonged (Continued on page 47)



PILGRIM'S  
PROGRESS

Conducted by

Honore  
Morrow







## *I was once an* **ORGAN PUMPER**

*By Jack Major*

**I** WAS once the organ pumper for a little church in a little country town in West Kentucky. I don't mean one that you pump with your feet either. No sir! It was the kind you had to climb up through a little door into a dusty organ loft and there you pumped a long handle up and down, working your heart out—while the Episcopalians sang. Miss Dobbins was the organist when I first started. Each Sunday she would open the services with "Onward Christian Soldiers." It sorta became her theme song.

I knew just how many pumps to a chorus to give that song and—if I do say so—"I was the best organ pumper in McCracken County!"

I lost many pounds pumping that organ. Our preacher was the kind that believed in singing away your sins, instead of praying. It was less work for him—and more for me. While the choir was singing those long hymns I was inside that hot organ loft beefing. But I was well paid for it. I got fifty cents a month and didn't have to put anything in the collection plate.

I had another job that paid me more. I had the privilege of pulling the bell rope to call all the folks to worship. The other boys paid me pennies to let them stand on the inside of the church yard and shoot the bats with slingshots as they flew out. Yes, we had bats in the belfry!

It was mighty lonesome, being shut up in that little organ room. The only connection I had with the outside world was the knock on the wall the organist would give as a signal for me to begin pumping. Early in my career I took my jackknife and whittled a hole in the wall so I could peep out and watch "Chuck" Morgan pass the collection plate. He didn't dare take

anything, but I felt important watching him.

As I grew older I started peeping at the girls in the choir. That was when I first fell in love. I was twelve and she was ten. Her name was Josephine. She sure was pretty. The first time I saw her was on an Easter Sunday. She had on white kid gloves—and was bare-footed. The way her toes stuck out from her feet reminded me of summer squash. If the preacher was praying, I'd run to that hole and peep at Josephine.

Her cheeks were like apples. Her eyelashes were so long that when she closed her eyes to pray they hung down over her cheeks like hay over a mule shed. She sure was pretty! At that age I thought that if a fellow so much as looked at a girl he was a sissy. But I liked to look at her and felt safe from human eyes, inside that organ room, so if I wasn't pumping I was peeping! At the time I wondered why I liked to look at her. Now I know. Something like peach fuzz was beginning to grow on my upper lip.

Those were the good old days—but they had to come to an end. Miss Dobbins began to get old and miss some notes, so the big bugs of the church hired a city fellow from Chicago to come and play the organ. His name was Adolph Augustus. I didn't like him from the moment I laid eyes on him. He wore patent leather shoes!

The first Sunday I asked him, "Say, fellow. I reckon you're going to open services with 'Onward Christian Soldiers' like Miss Dobbins did, aintcha?"

He said "No. I'm going to play 'Hallelujah'."

I told him, "Mister, you may be going to play 'Hallelujah' but I'm going to pump

'Onward Christian Soldiers!'" He said he didn't care what I pumped just so long as I kept the bellows full of air. That made me mad. It offended my artistic temperament. But I put up with his insults—fifty cents a month wasn't to be sneezed at!

Everything went all right until one Sunday, right in the middle of the anthem, the town fire whistle broke out in a scream. I wanted to see that fire the worst in the world but I was saving up for a bicycle and needed the money. I stuck until the second alarm broke out. That was the end of a mighty good organ pumper. I knew a second alarm fire was always a good one. Before that organ wheezed to a stop I was half a block away, headed toward a column of black smoke about a half a mile away. It was the happiest day of my life. The school house burned down!

The next day the organist 'phoned my home and told my mother he wanted to see me. My mother thought it was grand that the new organist would 'phone for her boy. I knew I was going to get fired. I was very nervous but I went into his office and waited for him to look up. I stood chewing on my hat and scratching my legs. Finally he looked up and said, "stand still, boy. You're clawing up the carpet!"

He fired me—but I got even. Right under his organ bench was the exhaust pipe of the organ. The air from the bellows that didn't go into the organ pipes passed out underneath him. Early the next Sunday, before anyone came near the church, I slipped into the organ loft and slit open one of the leather bellows with my jack-knife. Inside of it I sealed up a live skunk!

When the new organ pumper started pumping the big handle and squeezing the bellows together that skunk got mad. The organist started playing and the choir started singing, "Hallelujah." From outside the church this is the way it sounded to me:

"Hallelujah!.....Phew!"

"Hallelujah!.....Phew!"

The odor was so bad the windows tried to open themselves. The front door opened and the congregation poured out. That was one instance where a church with only one door was impractical.

To make a long story short, that church became divided within itself. Them that smelled and them that didn't! Half of the congregation wanted to get Miss Dobbins back and half wanted to keep Adolph. The feud grew until one Sunday, half the congregation walked out. Across the street they built a new church. The day the cornerstone was laid I slipped my offering into it. It was a note that read:

"I built this church—Jack Major."

I thought sure I'd get the job as organ pumper for the new church, but I didn't. They installed an electric organ, and there I was—a renegade organ pumper!

Those two congregations never did patch things up. Instead the argument became worse. The whole town became divided. Today one church is referred to as the North Side Church and the other the South Side Church. Just last year I went back home. As I passed the churches one choir was singing, "Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown?" and the other church choir was answering, "No not one! No not one!"





*After the service, William followed the line into the basement, where a nice warm cup of coffee, a bowl of steaming stew, and some raisin bread "filled his innards"*

**T**HE sentence of the court is that you, William Cummings, having been convicted as charged, serve ten to twenty years in the state penitentiary at hard labor in solitary confinement, that you pay a fine of \$500, that you pay the costs of prosecution, and that you stand committed until the sentence is complied with."

As the deep-throated, black-robed jurist finished his intonation that would place the sleek Billy Cummings behind bars for the next ten years of his natural life, there was a shuffling of feet as a pair of blue-coated court officials strode towards Cummings. The courtroom, packed with spectators, was silent otherwise. The tread of feet could be heard above the suppressed breathing of the spectators. Cummings, only a kid of nineteen years, had been a defiant, scowling, hard-boiled youth during his trial. But as each footstep brought him closer to the penitentiary, his home for the next ten years, his darkhaired head seemed to slump towards his chest and his shoulders seemed to droop.

Then the pitiful sobbing of a woman could be heard. All eyes turned to a seat at the rear of the courtroom. There, a woman dressed in black, mourning for the husband who had passed beyond a short time before, was being comforted by two friends. She could restrain herself no longer. "No they cannot do it to my Willie!" She pushed forward and tried to reach his side. But before she could reach him, he was hurried out of a side door,

the first mile of his journey to the grey walls that would house him for a decade. He looked over his shoulder at the sobbing woman. It seemed there was a tear in his eye. But, no, that couldn't be. Billy Cummings was a tough one. Hadn't he led the mob in the midday bank hold-up in that town? Wasn't it his finger that pulled the trigger and sent a piece of lead plowing through the midriff of the cashier who tried to reach a warning buzzer? Lucky for Billy Cummings, the shot was not fatal. He was going to jail with a chance of getting out. He wasn't going

## THE AUTHOR

James A. Clarke was one of the thousands who have received aid from the Bowery's St. John. Born in Pennsylvania, he graduated from high school and business college, then entered newspaper work. The depression came along, and Clarke, in 1934, found himself out of a job. He severed all connections with his old friends, and came to New York in 1936, with just eighty-five cents in his pocket. In a day he was broke. After weeks of hunger and park benches, a bread line associate told him of the Bowery Mission. On his first visit to the Employment Bureau, he was given a job as typist at which he was proficient. He is now in charge of that Employment Bureau. St. John likes his work, and Clarke is profuse in his thanks to the man who gave him a helping hand.

there to pay the supreme penalty.

Billy was only a kid. Nineteen years old. But he had matured early. Pool-room acquaintances and then the speaks. He knew the leading beer-runners and gangsters. He was only a kid in years. But, in gangland experience, Billy Cummings was a veteran. He had committed numerous other crimes but the bank job was the first at which he had been caught. That was ten years ago in the Spring.

It was one of those early spring rainy days, and St. John of the Bowery stood at the railing in his office at the Bowery Mission headquarters, 227 Bowery, New York City. There was a varied assortment of humanity at the railing in a single file. It was afternoon, and it had been raining all day. Those familiar with the Bowery Mission procedure would know immediately what was going on. St. John was running his daily clothes line. Some were there out of bare necessity. Some wanted shirts, others shoes, others jackets to protect them from the driving rain. There were others in the room, too. They were merely spectators. Just sitting around waiting until the office closed at four o'clock.

Seated in the rear of the room was a beard-covered individual who seemed to be taking a more than-casual interest in the proceedings, as St. John was putting the boys through the traces. His face was covered with a jet black, three-day old beard. His hair was badly in need of trimming. His shirt was filthy. There were



little or no soles on his shoes, and his trousers were a wreck. But beneath this nondescript appearance one could see there still was youth in the form. Although rain-soaked through and through he seemed to enjoy the comforting shelter of the room, and he forgot himself as he listened to the boys making their appeals

to "Doc" as St. John is familiarly called.

He had been guided there by one of the denizens of the street. He was not drunk, and from all appearances it had been sometime since he tasted liquor. But he was badly in need. In his mind, he lacked the nerve to make the approach to Doc. He didn't know why, but he resolved to sit there and maybe get some pointers.

A little fellow, who, probably a score of years before, had been engaged in some useful occupation, approached St. John. "Doctor St. John, I need a pair of shoes." "Let's see the soles," was Doc's quick response. The chap lifted a foot, but there was no break in the soles. "They'll do for a couple of more days," said Doc. The bearded one looked at the soles of his shoes. A blackened foot showed through holes in shoe and sock.

Next to approach Doc was a redfaced chap. He seemed the worse from the wear of John Barleycorn. No time was wasted here. "Your breath smells like a barber shop. Next man," said St. John. The bearded man knew that would not be his downfall.

"Doctor, I'm a hospital case, and I need a pair of pants. Look," the man said as he showed a tattered seat. "Let's see your card. Why this is dated 1931." The card showed a date of treatment six years previous, but the man had been using it as a blind for getting something without effort. "Get yourself a job," said St. John as he waved the man aside and called for the next man.

The next chap wore what once was a white shirt, but now was an unexplainable color because of a dearth of soap and water.

"How about a shirt, Doctor?" "Wash that one." "It's not worth washing, it will fall apart." "Well, wash it and bring me the rags, and we'll exchange."

And so it went on and on for more than an hour, some men being waved aside, others having their appeals granted because they were considered worthy by St. John of the Bowery. Five years spent among a shuffling tribe of homeless men had taught St. John plenty. He was able almost at a glance to tell the worthy case from the chiseler. There was humor interspersed with terse disciplinary remarks. Of course, he made a mistake once in a while, but then none are perfect, and he always will rectify a mistake. But he failed that afternoon few times in the application of his philosophy of "helping a man who shows a sign of helping himself."

Many men were referred to the Bowery Mission's labor bureau for jobs. All this was taken in by the one sitting in the rear of the room. The line now was beginning to grow short, and the man decided, after a deep breath, to take a chance. A refusal was the worst he could get. His turn finally came and he stood, a pitiful sight, before the Bowery's Good Samaritan.

"I need clothes," was his sole remark. St. John looked him over. Despite whiskers and dirty clothes, St. John could look deep into the man and see he was not the usual Bowery type. There was more than liquor attached to his reason for being on the Bowery, the most desolate street in the world.

"What's your name," was Doc's first question. "William Cummings," the man replied. And it was a far different William Cummings from the one who ten years ago had stood in a courtroom and heard a judge take ten to twenty years from his youthful life. But today Billy Cummings was not defiant. He seemed cowed and licked. Licked in spirit and in body. There was not one iota of ambition in his body or soul. He was asked several more questions, but monosyllables were his answers. Doc knew there was something beneath, but the boy was not ready to talk.

He was told to go to the Mission's basement and wash up. Shave himself. Wash his clothes and be in the office at ten the next morning. That night Billy had no place to sleep, so he came to the Mission services. There, boys are given nice warm cots to sleep on and it is thousands of times better than "carrying the banner," especially when there is a chance of an all night rain. Billy occupied a rear seat in the chapel. He did not seem much interested in the singing or the sermon. After the services he followed the line to the basement where a nice warm cup of coffee, a bowl of steaming stew and some raisin bread "filled his innards." The warm food took the chill out of his marrow, and despite his condition he slept well.

At ten o'clock the next morning, Billy presented himself to St. John. The beard was gone. He was bodily clean and there was a slight (Continued on page 55)

Ewing Galloway



*At ten the next morning, Billy presented himself to St. John, his beard gone, his body clean, and even a slight smile on his face*





March, 1938

# DAILY MEDITATIONS

## For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM T. ELLIS

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

TUESDAY, MARCH 1

### THE SHEPHERD ABOARD SHIP

I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD.  
READ JOHN 10:7-18.

OF ALL the men that I have seen, all over the world, only one suggests to me the physical likeness of Jesus. He was an Arab shepherd, aboard a small Mediterranean ship, the decks of which were overcrowded with passengers and sheep.

Quarrels were frequent amongst the passengers; but this shepherd, his black eyes shining in kindness above his bearded face, would move amidst them, never losing his smile, and by quiet, gentle words compose their differences. In like manner he walked amidst the sheep, when they grew affrighted by the ship's motion. He was the ship peacemaker.

Even so Jesus walked amidst His time, a figure of friendliness and peace. How the world needs Him today!

*Move amidst the troubled lives of our time, O great Shepherd of souls, and bring us peace—Thine own perfect peace. Amen.*

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2

### THOSE LONELY SOULS

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE MINISTERING.  
READ II COR. 8:1-12

I SHARED with my confrere, Dorothy Dix, a long letter from a lonely and lovelorn woman. That wise adviser of a nation's womanhood wrote that my correspondent was enjoying herself by wallowing in self-pity.

I had counseled the writer to give herself actively to cultivating the neighbors who need her, especially the boys and girls. There is no need for anybody to be lonely who will undertake self-sending service for others. The teaching of a Sunday School class may be the way out for a self-centred spirit.

There is practical as well as profound philosophy in the words of Jesus that "The Son of Man is come not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

*Whatever our own state of mind, wise Father of our lives, we pray that we may be led to give ourselves unstintingly to the service of others, in Jesus' name. Amen.*

THURSDAY, MARCH 3

### A SQUEEZED LEMON

MY SOUL IS EXCEEDING SORROWFUL.  
READ MARK 14:32-43.

IN A momentary mood of self pity, while facing an especially heavy chore of writing, I said to a friend, "My life has been just a squeezed lemon."

"Lemons are made to be squeezed," was his prompt and heartening retort. Then he gave me a little homily about the privilege of living so as to help others live.

John Wesley, in a like mood of weariness, said, "Lord, I am weary in Thy work, but not of Thy work." And it was Beecher who said, "It is not work that kills men—it is worry. Work is healthy. You could hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. But worry is rust upon the blade—it destroys the machinery."

So my real concern should be to grow more juice for the old lemon!

*Thou understandest, O Christ, what it means to be tired and spent in the Father's service. Give the comfort of Thy Comradeship to all weary ones. Amen.*

FRIDAY, MARCH 4

### LABELS, INSTEAD OF JAM

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.  
READ JOHN 5:36-47.

MISLED by an alluring advertisement, I bought a book purporting to contain the world's masterpieces of literature. Imagine my disappointment, and indignation, when I found this book to be merely a clumsy hack writer's summary of great stories. They were not at all the masterpieces, but only comments upon them—as if one should be given only a label, when he asked for a jar of jam.

Doubtless, most of us are reading too many articles and books about books, instead of perusing the originals themselves. Certainly this is true of the Bible. We read all sorts of comments upon the Scriptures, and eulogies of the Bible, when we should be doing better to read the Book itself.

*Forgive us, patient Father, that we so greatly neglect the Book that reveals Thy mind, and may it be our daily counselor. Amen.*

SATURDAY, MARCH 5

### THE PAST IS SAFE

FRUIT IN OLD AGE.  
READ PSALM 92.

MY DEAR old friend, a retired preacher, has come upon difficult days in his eighties. But he does not talk about his troubles. Given a chance for quiet conversation he will relate some shining incident from his fruitful pastorates. Many of his tales have appeared in these little articles.

Whatever may be today's trials, the past is safe. Nothing can take away from the ripe Christian the golden memories of the past. The work done for the Master has been done. The past seasons of spiritual exaltation are present possessions; memory's storehouse is full.

Pity those who come to the years when life's granary should be full of the harvest of beautiful memories, and find it empty. We may live today for the sake of tomorrow.

*Lord, stir us up to crowd our days with experiences that may be remembered with joy, when we come to the period of reminiscence. Thus would we bring forth fruit in old age. Amen.*

SUNDAY, MARCH 6

### WE CAN DO IT!

SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM.  
READ MATT. 6:25-34.

GATHERED in a certain city were the salesmen of a new food product. After consideration, they decided that they could not dispose of more than half a carload to the local grocers.

Then the manager appeared, a magnetic figure. After his stirring talk, the salesmen went out and straightway sold three carloads.

I find myself wishing that that sales manager might be heard in ten thousand pulpits; for he is a Christian, convinced that his religious faith is the only secret of his power. What wonders Christians could do, in this time of need, if only their hearts could be set on fire. "We can do it, if we will," was the slogan of the student missionary pioneers.

*"Lord, increase our faith." Give us such vital confidence in Thee that we shall expect the "all things" Thou hast promised. Amen.*



# DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

MONDAY, MARCH 7

## ONE MISSION'S WAY

WE PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED.  
READ I. COR. 1:17-31.

IN ONE of the oriental countries where severe nationalistic restrictions have been laid upon the teaching of religion in the mission schools, the woman in charge of one school took drastic action. Calling upon the educational official, in complete candor and friendliness, she avowed that the primary purpose of her school was Christian. Since it could not teach religion, it would close, and the mission would devote itself to evangelistic work, which was permitted.

Since then, that little mission has had a joyous experience of enlarging evangelistic activities, with many converts. The preached word has been more powerful than the indirectly implanted word.

*In our intellectual pride, we have neglected the simple telling of the Story of Jesus; and we confess our sin, our Father. Constrain us to be Gospellers. Amen.*

TUESDAY, MARCH 8

## TWO WINGS

TRUTH IN THE INWARD PARTS.  
READ PSALM 51.

ONE of my friends, a noble man, is sometimes called tactless. He really is only sincere. His fine, clear, straightforward genuineness simply leaves no room for guile. The "white lies" and evasions of the sophisticated are utterly foreign to him. His is "truth in the inward parts."

I thought of him when I read a passage in Thomas à Kempis: "By two wings a man is lifted up from things earthly, namely, by Simplicity and Purity. . . . If thou intend and seek nothing else but the will of God and the good of thy neighbor, thou shalt thoroughly enjoy internal liberty."

*As followers of the sincere and simple, pure and perfect Jesus, we would display His qualities, Our Father. Grant us, we pray, courage and discernment to follow in His steps. Amen.*

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9

## THE DRAGON'S TOOTH

ESTABLISH THOU THE WORK OF OUR HANDS.  
READ PSALM 90.

AN ACQUAINTANCE from China showed me a bit of white jade, carved in the form of a dragon's tooth. "An old Buddhist priest, whom I had pulled out of the water, gave me that nine years ago. It is more than eleven hundred years old, and he said it would bring me good luck. Believe it or not, I have had nothing but good fortune since; for I carry this amulet always. I am only a superstitious sailor."

I could have given him better reasons, deriving from his own personality,

why he has been fortunate. A cheerful heart, a dauntless spirit, a tireless devotion to one's own task, are more potent than any charm. Christians know a few vital words that work more mightily than a dragon's tooth: "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

*To Thee, and to Thee alone, O Lord, we would look for enabling in the living of a victorious and serene life. Amen.*

THURSDAY, MARCH 10

## ONE TURK'S OPPORTUNITY

SEEKEST THOU GREAT THINGS?  
READ JER. 45:1-5.

RIDING through mid-Turkey in a train, an English-speaking Turk sought me out. He was a graduate of Columbia University, and a teacher, assigned by the government to Konia, Paul's Iconium.

The young man was unhappy, for he had hoped that, with his American training, he would draw an important assignment in Angora or Constantinople. He knew nothing about Konia, and cared less. His head was full of modern theories of education, but utterly empty of any passion for teaching. I could not fire him with any zeal for the great opportunity in strategic Konia.

That man was a type. He was so full of self-important dreams of greatness that he was neglecting near-at-hand opportunity. Like him, I, too, often look to the distant possibility, while blind to duty at hand.

*We confess, O patient Father, that we are often idle dreamers, eager to do great things for Thee, but heedless of the opportunities with which Thou dost strew our daily path. Forgive us, and mend us. Amen.*

FRIDAY, MARCH 11

## A LONG DISTANCE CALL

DILIGENT IN HIS BUSINESS.  
READ PROV. 22:17-29.

ON A recent evening a man, a stranger, called me on the long distance 'phone, from a city four hundred miles away, to talk over one of my Sunday School Lessons, and Kingdom concerns. I put down the 'phone, after a long talk, conscious that "the King's business requireth haste."

We spend money and time for everything else; why should we be sparing of either in the Master's service? There are letters to be written, conferences to be held, meetings to be attended, gifts to be made, for the furtherance of Christ's cause. Why should we be negligent about these supreme concerns?

"The work that centuries might have done

Must crowd the hours of the setting sun."

*Echoing in our hearts is the Master's word, "I must work." We, too, would work, O Lord, up to the limit of all the powers Thou givest us. Amen.*

SATURDAY, MARCH 12

## FROM THE BOTTOM UP

THE SOUND OF A GOING.  
READ II. SAM. 5:22-25.

IT IS a principle well recognized by historians that social changes always come from the bottom up. The top is ever a fierce advocate of the status quo. The forces of progress begin on the lower levels of life.

That truth has an urgent application to religion in these times. The upper reaches of religious organization are undergoing heavy weather. Their power and results are diminishing. But down below, where the rank and file of ordinary Christians live, there is stir and questing and progress. Nobody with understanding of our day can be blind to this quickening of spiritual interest among the masses.

Such a situation challenges every disciple to new alertness, new consecration, new activity. As ever, God is depending upon His common friends.

*Thou hast set most of us in a lowly place, O God; and we glimpse the truth that this is because Thou wouldst have the foundations of Thy Church strong and sure. We thank Thee for our humble post. Amen.*

SUNDAY, MARCH 13

## HE MADE MILLIONS

AS A GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED.  
READ LUKE 17:5-10.

THERE came to see me recently a rather amazing man, overflowing with faith, and eager to share his secret. When he first got hold of the vital truth, as a plan of action, "Seek ye first the Kingdom . . . and all these things shall be added," he gave up his \$2,000 a year job, which he had held for twenty years, and went out and built up a business that netted him six million dollars. His life since has been a shining record of achievement and service.

My friend is impatient for all Christians to learn his secret and to duplicate his success. He does not quite understand that, as the Italian proverb puts it, "God does not pay every Saturday, but He always pays." We must give God time to work out His promises. Faith not only says, "I can do all things," but it also says, "I will wait on the Lord."

*"Lord, increase our faith"—and our patience. Deliver our hearts from hesitancy and from hurry. Amen.*

MONDAY, MARCH 14

## THE TWO TURKS

MAN LOOKETH ON THE OUTWARD APPEARANCE.  
READ I. SAM 16:1-13.

YEARS ago, when travelling in old Turkey, it became my privilege to escort a missionary lady from the railroad on to her station in the interior. We travelled (Continued on page 68)



At the right is the typical English village of Chipping Camden, in Gloucestershire. Below, Harvard House, Stratford on Avon, where lived the mother of the founder of Harvard University



© Associated British and Irish Railways


## I'm Going Back!

BY HELEN WELSHIMER



Above, Warwick Castle, Warwickshire, ancestral home of the Earls of Warwick, famed in English song and story. Below, remains of Glastonbury Abbey, associated by legend with Joseph of Arimathea, and with King Arthur and Queen Guinevere



 I'M GOING back to England to the sea-scented fishing towns, the gardens whose colors are so vivid you will not believe them true until you stroll among them, and the leisured pace of a romantic yesterday that walks abroad in London town!

I shall climb the steps of London Tower, ride across London Bridge, and walk reverently where the poets, kings and statesmen lie in stately rest in Westminster Abbey. There will be a moment when I shall pause again at the tomb of David Livingstone, the missionary who sleeps with Great Britain's great, and another when I see the bright banners of the nobility that hang along the walls in the Hall of Knighthood.

I shall thrill with others of my countrymen when the Royal Guards, in crimson jackets and black fur busbies, are changed to sound of martial music at Buckingham Palace, for I shall find a kinship with my own country's marching men.

Through town and village and countryside, on a glorious itinerary planned by Mrs. Honoré Morrow, who knows and loves the British Isles, I shall see them in their bright July beauty. For I am going back, on a tour with other *Christian Herald* readers, that will open to me vistas that maybe I missed before.

I shall visit the cathedrals—St. Paul's Church in London, Canterbury, built from the dreamings of generations, Lincoln, that is a spiritual fortress for Lincolnshire. I shall go to Devonshire, and I shall pause at Oxford, in that room where a gleaming white memorial has been prepared for Shelley. I'll count the spires of Oxford town, and chant the poems of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron and Keats as we travel through the English Lakes.

When the July sun strikes the sun-dial at Warwick Hall, together we of the *Christian Herald* pilgrimage will read its message, which explains that it marks only those hours that shine.

I'm going back! Up the path to Anne Hathaway's cottage, as Shakespeare used to do, then down the streets of Stratford to the long room where he went to school; and the little country church by the Avon where he worshiped.

Then I'm going to Scotland, over the road through Highlands and Lowlands that Mrs. Morrow has charted for us. I shall see Stirling Castle and Bannockburn, Edinburgh with its University and castles, the Clyde where men have built ships since the water roads first tempted their vision.

I shall watch a Punch and Judy show in London, and buy a bag of lavender. I shall drink deeply of the old charm of legendry, history and romance that lies always so near the surface of modern England. I'm going back!



*"Bill Henry, you'll spank this child over my dead body!"*



**1. But Mary...** I tell you I'm tired of pampering the child. He needs it and I'm going to give him some if I have to ram it down his throat—or else...



**2. Oh no, you're not!** He hates that nasty-tasting stuff and I think it's a crime to force him to take it just because you take it yourself. You just wait a minute while I call the doctor!



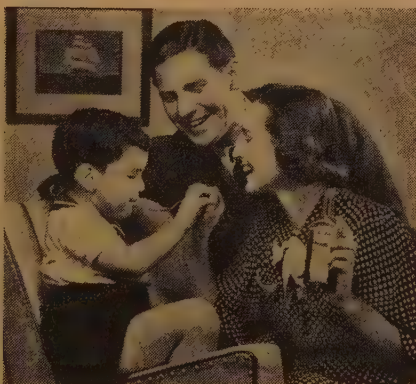
**3. Oh, I see!** Yes, Doctor...uh-huh...WHAT! ...Heavens! I didn't know that! Yes, indeed, I'll do it right away! Thanks so much, Doctor.



**4. There, Smarty!** The doctor said never to FORCE a child. He said to give him a GOOD-TASTING laxative. But NOT an "adult" one. He said a grown-up's laxative might be TOO STRONG for a tot's delicate "insides"...and could do more harm than good.



**5. He said to give him** a laxative made especially for children **EVEN TO THE TASTE.** So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria because it not only tastes good—it's **SAFE,** too. It has no harsh drugs, and won't gripe. I'll get a bottle now.

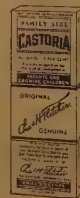


**6. Will you look at the child just lap up that Fletcher's Castoria.** He's *licking the spoon!* Thank heavens, we won't have any more fights over a laxative in *this* family!

#### To be on the **SAFE** Side...

...don't give your child a laxative that you would use yourself. For, while it might be mild enough for *you*, it can be too strong for a baby's "insides." Give your child Fletcher's Castoria — made **ONLY** for children. It is mild — thorough. *Never* gripes.

Get the thrifty Family Size bottle from your drug-gist today. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.



*Chas. H. Fletcher*

**CASTORIA**

The **SAFE** laxative made especially for babies and growing children





# The Story of Joseph

## *told in pictures* \* \*

BY DON KONISAROW

© King Features Syndicate

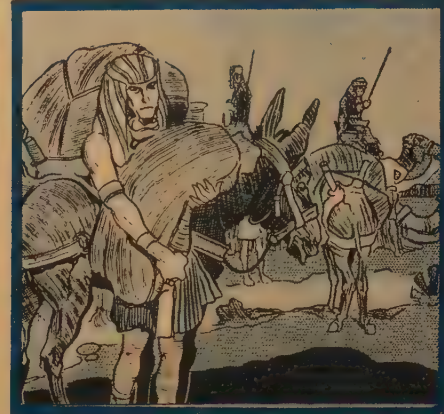
Read GENESIS, CHAPTERS 37-48.



Now Jacob dearly loved his son Joseph, wherefore Joseph's brothers hated him; so they sold him into bondage in Egypt but dipped his coat in blood to deceive Jacob. And when Jacob saw it, he wept.



When there was great famine over all the earth, Jacob heard there was corn in Egypt and sent ten of his sons with gold to buy corn; but clung to his youngest son Benjamin and would not send him.



And when the ten came to Egypt, Joseph, whom they had sold into bondage, was ruling as Governor of Egypt. And Joseph knew them and sold them corn, but did not let them know he was their brother.



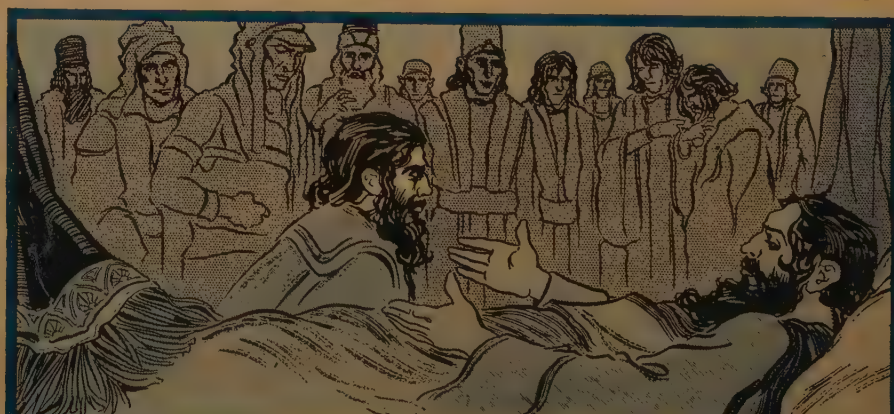
And Joseph demanded that the next time they bring Benjamin with them, and as surety he held Simeon. So Jacob, although he feared for Benjamin, let him go, and sent presents to Joseph. Then, after testing them to know they spoke the truth, Joseph made himself known to his brothers, and wept. And he bade them take wagons from Egypt and go bring their father. So Jacob and all his people journeyed to Egypt.



When Jacob and all his sons and their wives and little ones had come to Egypt, where his son Joseph was governor, Joseph took his father before Pharaoh, and Jacob blessed Pharaoh, ruler of Egypt.



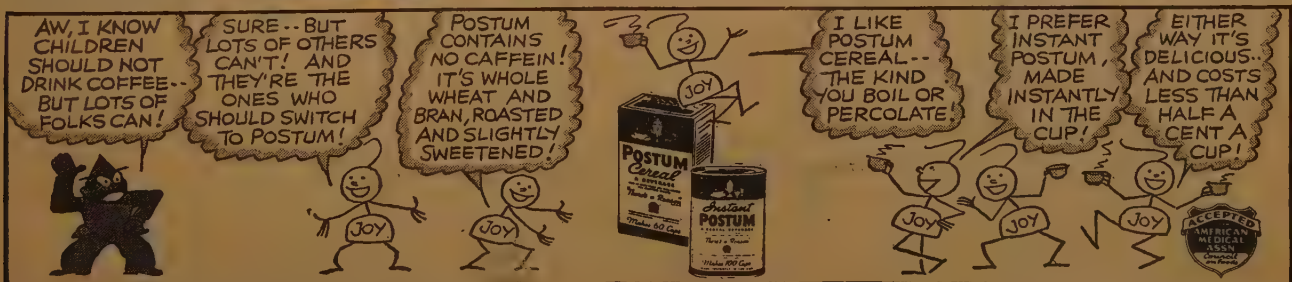
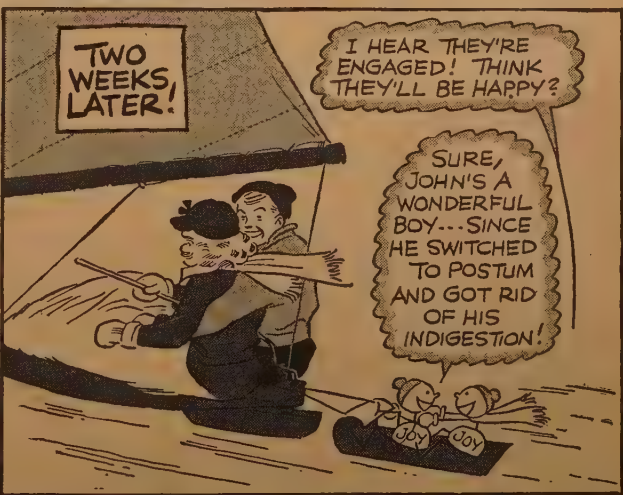
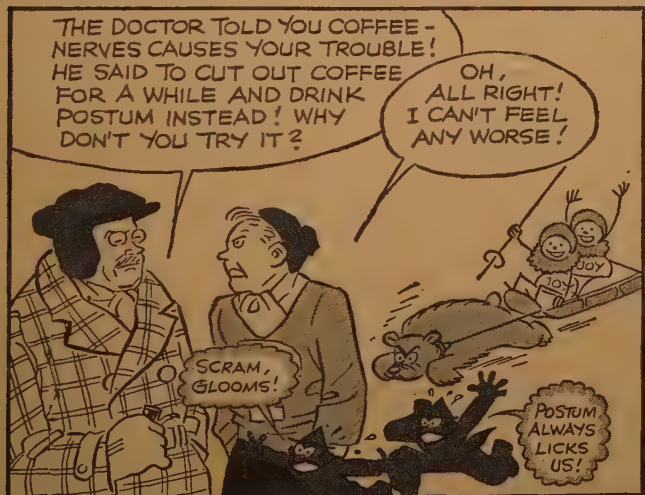
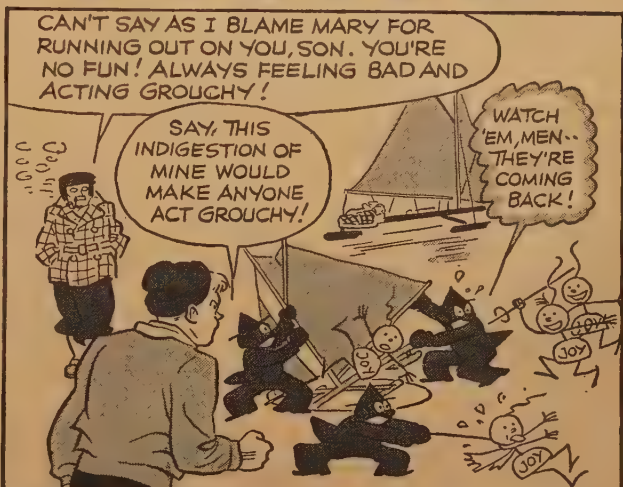
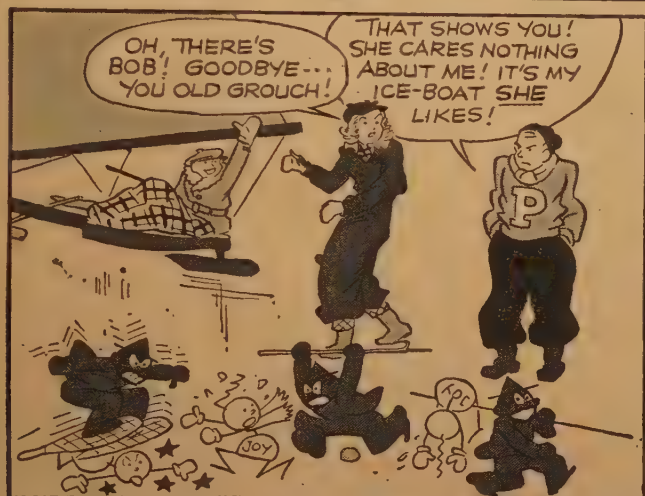
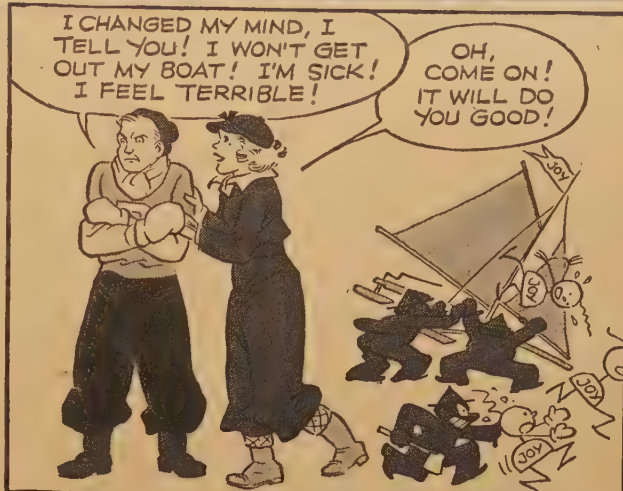
So Jacob and all his people stayed and dwelt in Egypt; and when Jacob was very old and ill, Joseph took his two young sons before his father, and Jacob gave his blessing to his two grandsons.



When he knew he was near the end of his days, Jacob, then called Israel, gathered all his twelve sons before him, and starting with Reuben the eldest to Benjamin the youngest, he gave his last commands to those who were to be the heads of the twelve tribes of Israel. And when he had done speaking he died. And even as he had commanded, they buried him with his fathers in a cave in the field of Ephron.



# JOYS and GLOOMS





# CHURCH HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

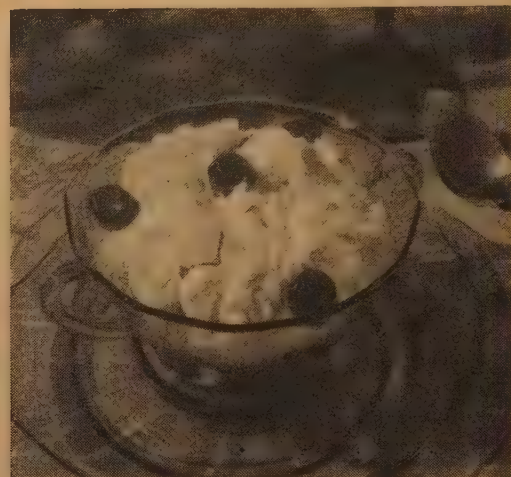
*Clementine Paddleford, DIRECTOR*

Planning, Preparation and Serving Meals for Church Affairs. Suggestions for Decorations and Entertainment for the Social Side of Church Life



Crisp outside, soft and sweet with hot savory cheese within, this tasty loaf, left, is the newest way to serve the luncheon bread—Courtesy Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corp.

Glorified Rice Pudding, below, with cubes of pineapple and quarters of marshmallow, chopped apples and whipped cream—Courtesy Southern Rice Industry



## FIFTY FOLKS for Supper

**K**EEP calm and collected when you are chosen for the first time as chairman of the food committee for the church supper. Just remember cooking for crowds is more head work than handwork. It is figuring you have to know as well as cooking, but this figuring, thank goodness, can be done in advance and if well done everything else works out smoothly enough.

The success of the supper will depend on the menu you plan and how you organize the work—that is the committee you set up to see the job through. Menus should be interesting, economical, easy to prepare. Choose dishes that can be kept hot or cold as the case may be, so that the last guest will be served as well as the first. Gone are the days of the covered dish dinner—when a community supper might consist of half a dozen kinds of pie, as many bowls of salads, all different, two or three kinds of meats, and everything available from the vegetable kingdom. Today the finest church meals are those in which the same flavor is not repeated, in which the combination of

flavors and color blend well, and which have a balance between solids and soft, hot and cold, highly seasoned and bland foods. All these qualities tend to affect the appetite and although people may come to an unattractive meal once, they may not come twice.

Whether the food is well cooked, nicely served and on the table hot, depends on

the organization of the work. The food chairman should appoint a committee for each kitchen job and another to oversee the serving of the meal. Each helper should have her special job and see to it that she has all the necessary equipment on hand to avoid zigzag tracking across the work room which makes for a grand turmoil. Arrange if possible, for the waitresses to receive the food outside the kitchen. Last, but so important, assign definite workers to clean up the dining room and kitchen and wash the dishes after the cooks and waitresses are gone. Never let too much work fall on any one pair of shoulders, is a rule to keep the whole gang happy through the ordeal.

In planning the dinner it is wise to use quantity recipes. Recipes we mean, that have been developed from scratch on a quantity basis, not family recipes multiplied, for these are often impractical on a crowd scale. You can borrow recipes from other members of your group, recipes that have proven successful, but it is more fun to splurge with something brand new. That sets you down among women as being original.

Here we present two March menus, built around reliably tested recipes for serving fifty people. Not every recipe is given, just the unusual ones. The recipes may safely be multiplied by two or three or four if your crowd is to be a multitude.

(Continued on page 48)

### DINNER OF THE MONTH

Carrot Rice Soup  
Smothered Hamburg Patties  
Mashed Potatoes  
String Beans with Sour Sauce  
Southern Biscuits  
Jellied Vegetable Salad  
Apricot Pudding  
Coffee



(Continued from page 36)

FOR HIS  
HIGH CHAIR HIGHNESS



SET a dainty dish of Heinz Strained Foods before the king—your baby. He'll coo his royal approval! Heinz preserves the flavor, the bright color of the world's finest fruits, vegetables, meats, and cereals by cooking with dry steam—packing under vacuum. Vitamins and minerals are retained in high degree. Play safe by serving Heinz Strained Foods. Choose from 12 delicious kinds. You pay no premium for their extra quality!

LOOK FOR THESE  
TWO SEALS. THEY  
MEAN PROTEC-  
TION FOR BABY



HEINZ  
STRAINED FOODS

Easter  
FOLDERS WITH  
SCRIPTURE TEXT  
VERSE

A Box of 12 with envelopes—postpaid 70c

Beautiful folders in delicate Easter colors and pictures appropriate for this holy day. Each one so exquisite that you will be proud to let it be your messenger of Easter greetings.

Send us your order TODAY so that you will have time to order more as you are sure to do when you see them.

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Please send me... boxes of your Scrip-  
ture Easter Cards. I enclose.....

Name .....

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here! But, old or new, nothing could detract from the sheer beauty of the scene. A gay marquee, with tea tables crowded, gave the traditional English picture of a garden party in full swing. A band played, gulls swooped up and down the valley, the Dart, broad and golden, flowed far below, and above the Dart were more great hills, tapestried in fields and groves.

The butler wafted us into a wide hallway, and into a long drawing-room, where the host and hostess greeted us, and the footman wafted us out a French window to the terrace, and so to the marquee for tea. No American tea, but a sure enough British product! Sandwiches of all kinds, raspberries and cream, cakes and tea, ad lib. After we had done our duty fully here, (and the raspberries were delicious) we followed our host's suggestion that we go up to see the gardens, which he told us had been laid out and the walls built by the prisoners of the Spanish Armada. To reach these gardens, we crossed the lawn in the front of the house and followed the broad winding path up the opposite hillside.

As we paused here, admiring the fan-like spread of peach trees against the wall, a tall young Englishman and his wife stopped to speak to us. We agreed on the extraordinary loveliness of it all, and spoke of the gracious serenity of the life.

The Englishman said, "Yes, but this is the sort of thing," waving his hand to include all the estate, "that makes the Socialists see red."

"Does it make you see red?" I asked. "Not I," he replied, "I only wish I could afford to have such a place myself. What makes me see red is the fact that so many of these fine, old homes are being destroyed."

We all looked again at the sweep of the river and farm land, nodded understandingly at one another, and Penn and I strolled back to the path which led down to the lawn. Here I had a little chat again with our host, and while I thanked him for the privilege of looking at the gardens, I asked him, American fashion, if there had ever been a castle here. He smiled and said, "No, it has always been merely a gentleman's home, even when it had belonged to Totnes Priory in the Middle Ages, and only let to the first occupants." The great, white front of the house, which struck me as so modern, had been built about the year 1700. Stretching back of it were sections that had been put up by owners at the time of Henry the Eighth. He felt, said my host, that this ought to satisfy even an American's hunger for the antique, and somewhat sheepishly, I agreed!

The gulls were still circling, rooks were swooping over the gardens, the last of the cuckoos called from the trees below the lawn. I stood for a long five minutes trying to feel about the place as Raleigh must have felt when he returned from the New World, or when, an old man and disgraced, he left here for the last time, to travel the two hundred miles to London, where they beheaded him. It moved me more than I can say, to realize that the view he saw, I saw too, and I was thankful that so far, even the Socialists who saw red had not been able to destroy it.

You Get What  
You Pay For

An article by

Mrs. Oliver Harriman

President of the Women's National  
Exposition of Arts & Industries

A YOUNG BRIDE, furnishing her new home, happened to meet one day a man who obligingly offered to help her buy her furniture "at wholesale."

He gave her a card which supposedly introduced her to a "wholesale house," where she would be able to get her furniture at a lower price.



Mrs. Oliver Harriman

In one corner of the card, there was an inconspicuous number—254. She didn't realize it, of course, but this unobtrusive number meant that the price of whatever she selected at the so-called "wholesale house" would be marked up 25%, and the 25% paid to the man who had extended the "courtesy." For example, she paid \$50 for a table that could be bought at retail for \$40.

If this young housewife had been more experienced, she would have realized that an attempt to get something for less than its actual value almost invariably ends in disappointment. Everything bought and sold today has a well-established value. You get what you pay for.

TAKE BAKING POWDER, for instance. You do have to pay a little more for Royal, but it's worth it—for the finer flavor and wholesomeness it gives to cakes and biscuits. My cook agrees with me—so Royal is the only baking powder used in our kitchen.

Ella C. Harriman

ROYAL is the only nationally known baking powder made with Cream of Tartar—a safe, wholesome product from luscious, ripe grapes that improves the flavor and texture of everything you bake. Yet this superior baking powder costs you only about 1¢ per baking. Buy a can of Royal tomorrow.

FREE COOK BOOK—Write Royal Baking Powder, 691 Washington St., New York City, Dept. 203.



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Please send your new illustrated 1938 book, "How to Choose a Memorial."

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

MEMORIALS

(Continued from page 46)

### COLD DAY SUPPER

Savory Baked Short Ribs  
with Browned Potatoes

Sauerkraut Gelatin

Indian Corn Cake

Baked Apple Sauce or Glorified Rice

### TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

2-3 qt. tins tomato juice  
6 tablespoons finely grated onion

3 tablespoons Worcestershire  
2 tablespoons sugar  
2 teaspoons salt

Combine ingredients. Let stand 30 minutes, then strain through a sieve. Chill and serve. Yield: 50 portions, ½ cup each.

### DRIED BEEF CREAMED WITH MUSHROOMS AND NOODLES

1 lb. dried beef  
½ cup butter  
1 cup flour  
3 medium cans noodle soup with chicken

3 medium cans mushroom soup with chicken

From dried beef select 60 pieces of the larger slices. Shred the remainder. Fry all beef in butter until slightly browned, then remove larger pieces to garnish plates, sprinkle flour over beef remaining in skillet and continue cooking until flour browns. Pour in noodle soup with chicken, add mushroom soup and bring to boiling point. Serve between hot biscuits (recipe calling for 3 quarts of flour will make enough dough) garnish with curls of beef and sprigs of parsley.

Note: Roll biscuit dough ¼ inch thick, spread with melted butter, then fold ½ of dough over other half and roll to ⅓ inch. With carving knife, cut dough into 120 squares and bake in hot oven. Yield: 60 portions, 2 biscuits per serving.

### PICKLE COLE SLAW

½ cup all purpose flour  
¼ cup, 2 tablespoons sugar  
2 teaspoons, 2 tablespoons salt  
2 eggs  
1 pint water  
1 pint pickle juice drained from sweet pickles

1 pint, cup mayonnaise  
2 small onions  
2 gals. shredded cabbage (packed)  
2 teaspoons salt  
Dash white pepper  
2 heads lettuce

Blend all purpose flour with ¼ cup sugar and 2 tablespoons salt, add eggs and heat thoroughly. Then add water and pickle juice and cook, stirring constantly until very thick. Cool. Add mayonnaise to onion finely shredded or chopped, and pour over shredded cabbage. Season with 2 teaspoons salt and a dash of white pepper, if desired. Serve ½ cup in a crisp leaf of lettuce and garnish with a dash of paprika on top, and three slices of pickle on the side. Yield: 60 portions.

### TOASTY LOAF

5 loaves white bread  
2½ cups butter

2½ lbs. "Creamed" Cheddar cheese

Remove all crusts except the bottom, from a whole loaf of bread. Cut down through the loaf, making 1¼ inch slices, taking care not to cut through lower crust. Then cut through the center of the loaf, lengthwise, but leaving the lower crust

intact. Blend the butter and cheese, and spread it between the slices and over the outside of the loaf. Press the slices together and tie them into loaf form again. Place in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) until the cheese it melted and the bread crisp outside. Yield: about 80 pieces, enough to serve 50 guests.

### APPLE BROWN BETTY

5 cups whole rice flakes  
5 cups crushed rice flakes (crushed before measuring)  
2 lbs. brown sugar  
1½ teaspoons cinnamon

6¼ qts. thinly sliced apples  
6 tablespoons butter  
4½ cups water  
6½ tablespoons lemon juice

Mix whole rice flakes with crushed flakes. Mix brown sugar and cinnamon with thinly sliced apples. Spread rice flakes and apples in alternate layers in buttered baking pans, having a layer of rice flakes on top. Dot with butter. Pour over water, combined with lemon juice. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) about 45 minutes. Cover for the first 25 to 30 minutes. Yield: 50 portions.

### SAVORY BAKED SHORT RIBS

30 lbs. Short Ribs of Beef  
3 lbs. carrots, cubed  
1½ lbs. turnips, cubed  
1½ lbs. onions

1 qt. celery, cubed  
4½ tablespoons salt  
3 teaspoons pepper  
1 cup bacon drippings

Melt drippings. Dredge meat with flour and brown in fat. Place in baking pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover with vegetables and boiling water. Cover closely and bake for four hours in a very slow oven. Place potatoes in the pan with the meat about 45 minutes before the meat is done. Turn the potatoes from time to time as they brown. Yield: 60 portions.

### GLORIFIED RICE

1 gal. boiled rice  
2 qts. pineapple, cut in cubes or shredded  
2 qts. whipping cream

3 pounds marshmallows  
cut in quarters  
2 qts. chopped eating apples  
4 cups sugar

The rice should be cooked until it is soft but not mushy. Mix all the ingredients except the whipped cream and let stand for one hour. Fold the whipped cream into the mixture just before serving. Garnish with candied cherries.

Note: Whipped cream and cherry garnish may be omitted. Red cherries, red raspberries or peaches may be used in place of pineapple. Yield: 50 portions, ⅓ cup each.

### SMOTHERED HAM PATTIES

6 tablespoons butter, melted  
1½ qts. soft bread crumbs  
9 lbs. round steak, ground  
3 tablespoons salt

1½ teaspoons pepper  
50 narrow slices lean bacon  
Flour  
4-16 oz. tins Onion Soup

Mix butter and crumbs, then add to meat with salt and pepper and mix well. Form into 50 flat cakes. Surround each with a slice of bacon securing with a short toothpick. Dip patties in flour. Fry until brown on both sides in a very small amount of fat. Add soup, cover tightly and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Pour off excess fat and thicken gravy if necessary. Yield: 50 portions.



*(Continued from page 20)*

in order to coax enough money out of hiding to finance the war. The Liberty and Victory Bonds of the last war bore unusually high rates of interest. The soldier not only faced the physical dangers of war but served for less than he was receiving in civilian life; whereas, the men who financed the war faced no dangers and received twice as much for the use of their money as they could get in times of peace.

The passage of this bill would say to the financiers of the United States, "If the United States goes to war, you will be compelled to finance it, and that not at a profit, but at a loss."

Thus we will have taken another step in the direction of peace by having removed one more cause of war.

Let me point out the justice, the plain human justice of drafting money as well as men in case of war?

War does not increase the national wealth. The explosion of shells, the firing of artillery, and all of the methods of destruction not only destroy human life, but destroy wealth. It makes less wealth in the world. Somebody must pay for that loss.

This loss is therefore borne by the soldiers who were unable to take advantage of war profits, who served at less than they could have earned as civilians. The loss caused by the war thereby falls upon the men who served in the army. It was rather a shock to our patriotism to come home and find that the war cost America twenty-nine billion dollars, and to learn that only five per cent of the cost of the war went to pay the men who fought the war. It was rather a shock to learn that 22,000 millionaires, according to the Senate investigation, were made out of the war that cost us in blood and money.

The Government took the soldier and deprived him of the right of contract in bargaining for the pay he received. It then deprived him of the right to use the money as he wished by requiring him to send home \$15 to his dependents. It then compelled him to pay an average of \$6.60 a month back to the Government for his insurance. It then placed censorship upon him and deprived him of the right of free press and free speech. It deprived him of the right of just compensation for his services by requiring him to serve at a dollar a day when he could have received much more as a civilian.

Then again it deprived him of the constitutional guarantee against involuntary servitude by forcing him into service. Then it deprived him of his constitutional right of liberty, and in thousands of cases, he was deprived of life itself. And mark you, I am not complaining. It cannot be otherwise during war.

But in the light of all of these temporary suspensions of the individual rights under the Constitution, rights far more sacred in my opinion than property rights, is there a man with a heart in him in the United States who would have the effrontery to stand up and say that under the same Constitution, and under the same Court that has held the selective draft laws constitutional, it would be unconstitutional to conscript in a similar manner the financial resources of the United States?

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(Continued from page 28)

blot it out every chance we get. We want clean politics, clean settlements, clean play! But we can't choose our own tools always—"

"I'm choosing mine from now on. I'm going!"

"Where, Terry?" It was a call, for Terry had turned and started down the aisle.

"To a paper that will publish what I found!"

He gathered up the papers and books from his desk in a swift armload, grabbed his hat and coat, and ran down the three flights to the street instead of waiting for the elevator.

He had reached the street when he heard footsteps behind him.

"Wait a minute, you big bozo!" a girl's voice called, half chagrined, half apologetic. "Where are you going?"

"I threw up my job! Taxi!" he called as a green cab drew up at the curb. Then to Julie, "Better go back! I've things to do and you can't risk your own job."

"Maybe you'll need help. I'm not risking anything. Tell me what happened, Terry, please!"

When he finished, she nodded slowly. There was a smudge of typewriter ribbon on her wrist and she began to rub it away, carefully. She was wondering what the office would be like when Terry's eyes no longer laughed down at her as he passed her desk, and his voice never drawled its messages above the click-clack of the typewriter keys. She would have to stay on, at least until she had another job. She would have to work for Basil Worthington!

And with that came another thought. Terry was through with Natalie. Completely through—or would he defy her father and still continue his fondness for her? She didn't think so. Yet she herself could not ask for his friendship because he couldn't have a girl who was selfish and unkind and unpleasant.

"Your stop, Julie," Terry was saying, and she noted that the cab had drawn up in front of the apartment house. Just beyond, on the sidewalk, a hurdy-gurdy was playing a song it had learned last summer and still remembered. Terry held out his hand. "Goodbye, Julie, I'll call you when I have a job!"

She wanted to say: "Oh no, Terry! Call me anytime, anyway! What's a job?" But she only said: "Good luck, Terry! I'll be listening for the call."

Then she stood on the sidewalk until the taillight of the cab disappeared down the street and the rumble of elevated train in the distance drowned its motor. She sent a brief prayer after him, made of half a dozen words, and scarcely knew that she did. After all, she tried to argue with herself, life didn't follow the same pattern forever. Every path had to branch out for itself. Any road map showed you that.

The arguing did no good. She was glad that Martha was out when she reached the apartment, after the climb that seemed so long tonight. The table was set by the fire with amber cups and saucers, the delft blue plates, and a blue bowl that held yellow roses. She couldn't remember that they had asked company for dinner, yet there were three places. Fruit juices, already iced, were in the refrigerator, and

the salads had been made.

Martha came running up the steps. "I forgot the butter," she said. "But it doesn't matter. Nobody's coming. Peter was—we asked him last week—but he called that he can't make it. Julie, are you sick?"

Julie, whitefaced, bigeyed, shook her head. "No, of course not. May I have some soup, Martha—that's all? I'm just tired. It's too bad about the dinner—it looks so good. . . ."

"It will keep until tomorrow," Martha answered promptly. "I'll have soup, too, and we'll fix the lamb chops tomorrow night. Now what happened?"

Julie told it all, mentioning Briggs' name and the warnings that he had given to Terry. "That's what he's meant recently, then," Martha said. "He's been talking a lot about duty and conscience and going the way your firm did. . . ."

Terry had taken his books and papers home when he left Julie. There was one paper that would run his story. That was the *Express*. Maybe others would like it, too, but again they might hesitate. No one else would have a chance to refuse. When he reached the *Express* offices he did not ask for the publisher, but sought out Peter.

Peter, busy writing heads, looked up in pleased astonishment.

"Sit down, Terry? What's new?"

"A lot—yes, quite a lot," he answered. He told Peter what had happened.

Peter gave a long whistle when he finished. "Oh boy, how Mac will like to get his hands on that. Mac's our chief. I'll find him."

Mac was in the composing room.

The chief listened carefully, veiling his excitement. Once or twice he asked pertinent questions. When Terry finished he said: "Have you everything ready for a recheck, Mr. Maxwell?"

"Everything, sir."

The man hesitated. "We haven't much money . . . you are offering to sell this to us, I take it. . . ."

Terry gave a swift exclamation, then added: "It's yours for the publishing . . . a Christmas package, a prize offering; use it where you want to. I've done my best with it."

When the man had withdrawn Peter looked at Terry and laughed.

"On what, may I ask, do you intend to eat?"

"Oh, I'll get along. I'll get a job."

"We'll be picking up soon—there might be something here . . . nothing like you were getting in salary, though. We've had cuts, you know the story."

"But you're standing by, Peter, because you believe in something and you want to put it over. It's the kind of paper I'd like to sign up with—sometime. I'll finish my book. A publisher wants it—likes the first half dozen chapters. And I'll get on something."

"You will," Peter agreed. Terry Maxwell, ace man of the *Star* feature staff, would have a job tomorrow on something important if he wanted it. Only, newspaper jobs were scarce today, and there had been occasions when even aces went begging. "Coming in tomorrow to map out the story for us?"

"I'll be here early," Terry promised grimly.

(To be concluded)



(Continued from page 15)

Some of them were, doubtless, sceptics in belief, free thinkers, nonchurchgoers. Some of them may have even made light of the Church. But our recognition of their contribution to humanity is hallowed by the fact that their mortal bodies rest under the shadow of the all-forgiving Cross. That is in keeping with our expression of belief in a Communion of Saints—of all those who have tried to add to the beauty and dignity and courage of mankind. So, in all honor, a Cathedral has claimed the body of President Woodrow Wilson, which lies in a Chapel of the beautiful building now being erected in Washington. One may well wish that the practice may universally commend itself. The war President was not an Episcopalian—but his spirit bent upwards to God, as the spires of Ely or Salisbury point upwards to the sky.

As the Supreme Court of a State gathers up and embodies the dignity of all the lesser courts, so the cathedral of a diocese gives leadership and force to all the individual parish churches. Within its walls are held most of the great diocesan



## PREACH ON THE HOUSE OF GOD

Sermons on the Bible are a matter of course, but the House of God is also a divinely appointed means of Kingdom building. The importance of the church in the community and in the world, the place of the sanctuary in all the ages of Christianity, the promotion of worship and prayer, and many other phases of Christian life and work, emphasize the preaching responsibility and possibilities in connection with the House of God.

The Interdenominational Board of Architecture, serving churches of more than 20 denominations, has prepared a mimeographed list, collected from ministers, of 50 Bible texts and 50 sermon themes, on the House of God and allied topics. A copy will be sent for 25 cents, coins or stamps. Address, E. M. Conover, director, 105 East 22nd Street, New York.



special services, for, in most cases, it can accommodate a larger number of persons than any single other structure. There are to be heard the most famous visiting preachers. There the various organizations come together for their corporate Communion celebrations. There the bishop and other authorities of the diocese make known their wishes and decisions. The cathedral does not supersede the parishes; it offers them direction and inspiration.

Why a cathedral? As long as the sovereignty of God holds sway in the hearts of many millions of His mortal children, so long will they try to give Him of their best—in service, in all the many values of life, in worship, in richness and beauty. He can be, and is, approached worthily in tiny chapels, in hospital rooms, in the desert and on the sea. The cathedral is reserved for, although not confined to, those great public hours of devotion when, shoulder to shoulder, "like a mighty army moves the Church of God."



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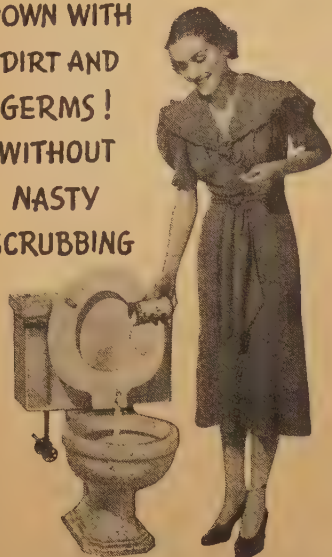
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(Continued from page 17)

be managed if Helma could finish her work. Uncle Nels said, "Sure, sure, Helma should go, Helma should meet some young man, would maybe find one and settle down with him on a nice big farm," patting Helma on the back and saying, "Helma was a good girl."

Marie said nothing. Marie had not liked the queuing look in Martin's eyes every time he came to the farm to see her, that watching, waiting look, when a door would open, nor did she like the inquiry: "And how is your cousin? How does she like us by now? Does she maybe get sick with what you call it—that strange word—nostalgia? I tink I, too, had that disease pretty bad when I first came to this country. It hurts like anything."

Marie said nothing, but somewhere Martin had heard that silence means consent, and Helma was going to the party. His heart pounded with a strange excitement. Helma at the party tonight, Helma with the rose-pink cheeks, and the warm red lips, the beautiful fine, strong body. She was to go in the little car with him. Maybe he could fix it so that she would sit between Marie and him.

Helma was excited. There was the pretty blue dress her mother had made for her before she left Norway. And there were the coral beads from the ocean that she loved so much, and there were the best shoes, black and shining, and here was a party to wear them to.

Then the door opened, and Marie came in. "Helma, mother says she is afraid you can't go tonight. The pain in her side is worse, and she had forgotten when she promised you could go, about the incubators. There are a lot of chickens due, and she thinks you had better stay and take care of them—hundreds of them, you know. It won't really be much work, just so some one is here. You won't mind, I hope."

The hot tears burned in Helma's eyes. "Oh, Marie, don't you tink I could go for a while—maybe I could come early home. . . . ?"

"I am wondering how you think you could come back early? You surely wouldn't expect Martin to leave the party to bring you—or would you?" This with a sneer. "I half believe you would, but he is not going to do anything of the kind. I'll have you know once and for all, that Martin belongs to me. Hurry down now to mother, she'll be needing you. Don't forget, hot water and the powders—" and Marie in pink and white, and a swirl of green, and a smother of perfume floated out of the shabby room.

Helma sat on the little iron bed. She slid to the floor—now she was on her knees, praying, praying hard: "O God, let me have him. I lof him so. I lof him and I need him." Then, at the sudden interruption: "Yes, Uncle Nels, I will come. Yes, I will get the hot water. I am sorry Aunt Selma is sick."

Soon she was out in the soft spring evening. The little new moon had hooked itself on the topmost bough of the cottonwood, and hung there. A delicate red star burned through the dusk, and now there was Martin's car humming up the lane. Marie came out of the house in a cloud of pink and green, scenting the air heavily with perfume. Martin jumped from

the car. "Where's Helma," he asked.

"Oh, Helma—Helma had to give up going. I'm sorry, but we both couldn't go, and I knew you would rather I would go. She didn't care particularly about it anyway. Mother is ill, and—the chickens are hatching tonight—hundreds of them, and some one had to take care of the incubators. . . ." her voice trailed off weakly before the look on Martin's face.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"Out with the incubators, I suppose, but come on. We're already late."

Helma was out in the night. The little moon had managed to unhook itself and was on its way. There were the early spring sounds all about her, a frog shrilling monotonously from the slough lands, a few sleepy birds, and—far away a motor hummed. It sounded like Martin's car. "It is Martin's car . . . it is Martin himself!"

And he was there beside her in the fragrant sweetness of the night. "Martin," she gasped. "How—how do you come here—the party—Marie?"

"The party—Marie—what do I care for them! I care noting. I vant you, Helma—you beautiful ting! I have vanted you ever since I saw you first. Do you tink you could maybe lof a big Norwegian like me?"

"But Martin, Martin—I can't! There's Marie—I'm afraid! You're going to marry Marie. Marie she say so, she say she marry you soon."

"Pooh! Don't you vorry about Marie. I never vonce ask her to marry me. Anyvay, there is a sheik crooner from St. Paul at the party. She tell me she was crazy about his voice—that she listen every night to him on the radio, and now he listen to her at the party. And about Marie—it makes no difference. I just vant you, Helma. I vant you so much it give me a pain here," and Martin placed his great hand over the lapel of his coat. "It hurts like anything, and Helma, it von't ever stop—that pain—until you say, 'Martin, I vill marry you. I lof you, too, Martin.'"

Helma laughed—the laugh that had echoed across the Norway hayfield of bright, windy summer days. "It seems I am to stop all kinds of pains tonight—Aunt Selma's, and the little chickens that peep so, and now your pain, Martin. I vill stop it, too. I vill marry you, Martin. I lof you, Martin."

The little moon almost caught again—the stars almost stopped—then after awhile this, from Martin: "And Helma, vill you—would you maybe like to live on a farm? Marie say all girls hate the farm, but oh, Helma—tink of it, the out-of-doors, the grass, the vind, our own land, our own bread to eat, the little tings to grow about us, little lambs and calves, and chickens, and oh, Helma—maybe, maybe—"

"Yes, Martin, maybe so, maybe so," her cheeks flushing in the starlight. "I tink I would like much our own farm, our own bread to eat—and—the little tings to grow about us. I lof you, Martin, I lof you so!"

The spring dusk closed them in. The little moon and the stars looked down upon this clean, fine, strong son and daughter of the Northland, who stood speaking, planning, dreaming of a beautiful home in a beautiful new land.



(Continued from page 23)

claim of functionalism and efficiency. The efficient church and the functional church is not a structure that gauges itself upon the number of converts it produces per day, as does a manufacturing plant, nor does it attempt to emulate the commercial building whose main concern is the regard for routine access of the tenant. Church buildings are concerned not only with multitudes, *but also with the single individual.*

Gothic architecture is generally recognized as expensive. This does not mean, however, that to build in Gothic one must have a cathedral-like budget. Gothic, as well as the other mediums, can be simple and reserved. The "must" in Gothic is the axiom of building honestly, the "don'ts" are best demonstrated in the wooden so-called Gothic structures of 1890. Gothic cannot be built in wood. Limestone and granite form the ideal wall material for Gothic; however, because of expense or locality these are not always possible. Local fieldstone, either dressed or in rough ashlar form, not only provides a second choice, but frequently infuses a local character and charm highly desirable. Perhaps more than any other type, Gothic suffers less from the lack of yard space and proper planting. Its inherent beauty stands alone. For this reason, it is a style particularly adapted for city building.

Colonial architecture permits a more modest budget. Its brick walls and wood trim or even all wood structure, can be economically designed to possess a stately charm. Colonial architecture is American. Its adaptation can be far-reaching. To be properly portrayed, the style requires a suitable setting. Ample yard space, beds of grass and planting, a neighboring surrounding of low buildings that permit the church spire to tower loftily above all else—are requisites that lend much to the simple dignity of the design.

Romanesque, like Gothic, demands a wall surface of stone or brick and a more substantial budget than Colonial. As in all design, its proper handling taxes the ability of a capable architect. Its setting and site location fall into the same category as Gothic and except for the Norman type, which is the transitional period between Romanesque and Gothic and which is particularly suited for chapels and smaller structures, the style is best displayed in urban building.

The climatic requirements of Mission architecture limit its consideration by building committees to the inhabitants of our southern states. Its stucco walls not only appear to their best advantage under the bright rays of a warm sun, but stucco as an exterior wall treatment has not always been constructed in a manner to withstand successfully the extreme changes in temperature of the North. Mission is one of those fortunate styles that can adjust itself from a scant limited budget to almost an extravagant one in the desire for the highly ornamental features of the art. Its setting is most important. Large spacious lot requirements are desired to permit the rambling openness of plan.

Thus our choice of expression becomes determined by three major conditions. First, the amount of our building budget; second, the size, shape and location of the site; third, the accessibility of adequate

(Continued on page 54)

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# CURRENT BOOKS

By Albert Linn Lawson

DR. EDGAR DE WITT JONES, himself an orator of no mean ability, has given us a volume entitled *Lords of Speech* (Willett, Clark, \$2.00), which portrays, in brief biographies, fifteen of America's leading orators. About many of them—Patrick Henry, Webster, Clay, Wendell Phillips, Beecher, Henry W. Grady, William Jennings Bryan, there can be little argument—almost any anthologist would select them. Doubtless some of the others, were we making the list, would be omitted. And I admit that Woodrow Wilson, much as I admire his polished English, had never impressed me as a great orator, although he was a forceful and convincing speaker. But that is a matter of personal opinion, and Dr. Jones' list is carefully chosen, and his own style graces and enlivens the book. His choice of anecdotes is excellent. For one example, he tells of a time when Wilson, then President of Princeton, was invited to address the student body at Columbia. (Remember that a very large number of the students there are Jewish.) Dr. Butler, in introducing the visitor, twitted him with the fact that Princeton is a small country village, where the students and faculty "have little to do but sleep." Wilson, replying, admitted that Princeton is small, and that not only students, but the President sleep much of the time. "But," he said, "at Columbia he that watcheth over Israel slumbereth not nor sleepeth." Jew and Gentile joined in the thunderous applause. The book is very entertaining and the price is modest.

Many of you have doubtless listened to the broadcasts of Richard Maxwell. They have been very popular—so much so that Mr. Maxwell has collected a number of his sayings, bits of poetry and wisdom, which he has used on the air, and has issued them in a volume entitled *Cheer and Comfort* (Rodeheaver—Hall Mack Co., \$1.00). There is a saying, a bit of philosophy, an anecdote, or other selection, for every day in the year. Some of them are humorous, some wise, some pathetic; all are pithy and entertaining. For example:

"Some folks think that virtue lies,  
In disapproving this and that:  
I think it's in the deeds we do,

(Continued from page 53)

and proper building materials.

With the thought of "a sermon in stone" firmly clinched in our minds, let us realize that these four words incorporate what is expected in external church design. They are the fulfillment of the generalities expressed in this article. Recognizing that no single standard of rules is possible to control composition, let us definitely realize that it is, instead, the message we have to tell that controls our architecture.

Not what we tilt our noses at."

Or, "There is a saying that all men are equal. But it is what they are equal to that counts." And "There may be times when you cannot find help; but there is never a time when you cannot give help." And many others, all good.

Mr. Maxwell has been a singer all his life. He was formerly the "John" in the Seth Parker program. Homer Rodeheaver has written a brief introduction, and biography of Mr. Maxwell, to open the book.

Although he does not say so, I assume that some of the sermons by Dr. Clark W. Forcey contained in his new volume, *Sparrows and Men* (Fortuny's, New York, \$1.50) have been heard over the air, since Dr. Forcey is minister of the Church of the Air, at Washington. But wherever delivered, this is one of the most satisfactory books of sermons I have seen in many a day. They are human, they are addressed to everyday people, in language they can readily understand. But it is the spirit of the sermons that gives them their effective appeal. There is no dogma, no abstruse theological argument; there is a great deal about the love of God and Jesus. The author states that his "one controlling purpose has been . . . the desire to scatter widely the truth of God's great estimate of man's value, and His deep concern for man's salvation and exaltation." I am sure our readers will agree with me, if they read the book.

As we mentioned last month, *Why Not Know Florida*, by Hans V. Briesen (The Drew Press, Jacksonville, \$1.00) is an excellently arranged and exceedingly practical guide book, especially for those who are motoring through that pleasant state. All the information most desired by tourists is at your fingers' ends—routes, hotels, all the places of interest and the best way to reach them. It will be invaluable if you contemplate the trip.

## How to Order Books

Any book described in these columns can be supplied by our Book Department at the publisher's price. Address orders and remittances to Book Department, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

The architect and the building committee must realize that their task is both a spiritual and structural undertaking. A large part of their responsibility is the challenge to endeavour to reflect the religious outlook of the parish. Armored with correct architectural forms, a desire for honest construction and a firm resolution to proclaim the joy of Christianity to the passing world. The passer-by will instinctively say, as did Jacob of old, "this is the House of God; the Lord dwelleth herein; this is the Gate of Heaven."



(Continued from page 39)

smile on his face. Although there was the same body and the same clothes there was quite a transformation.

Billy was ready to talk. St. John took him aside and Billy unfolded his story. Ten years were spent in the penitentiary.

As the years passed on, Billy changed and changed greatly. His spirit of revenge, and hatred of all law and order was tempered. He had plenty of time to think. After his release he would get a job and settle down and take care of that mother.

It was midwinter when the Warden shook Billy's hands and gave him the usual talking to. Billy was filled with spirit. He hurried to his home and clasped his mother in his arms. She seemed much older now, and cares of life seemed to weigh heavily upon her. There were tears in Billy's eyes, but he bit his lip and resolved to care for that mother.

Billy and his mother lived in a small town. There were a few factories. Surely he could get a job at one of these, but each time Billy applied the foreman shook his head from left to right. Billy left the arms of his mother once more. This time he was going into the world with a determination to leave behind him the thoughts of those grim prison years.

He shifted from town to town. The depression still was on, he soon learned. Everywhere the "no" shake of the head was the answer to Billy's job applications. These people did not know his prison record, but they had no room. In addition, places where there might be opportunity were in strike fevers. Like all who "hit the road," Billy soon was broke. Then came bread lines and commanding police. Finally, he landed, as almost all generally do, in New York. He was dirty and he was hungry. Then to the Bowery Mission.

St. John patted Billy on the back. "You seem to have the right stuff son, I am sure you will make good." It was a long time since someone had patted Billy's back and given him words of encouragement. His chest came out once again, and his chin went up. An okeh slip for a new shirt, a pair of trousers and a pair of shoes was given to Billy. He donned them in the Mission clothes room, and another transformation took place. "Thanks a lot Doctor. Now, I need a job."

The Mission's telephone bell rang. A woman in the Bronx wanted someone to do some housework. It would pay \$1.50 for the remainder of the day and she would give the man two meals. St. John motioned for Billy and made the offer. "Will you take it?", asked St. John. It wasn't much for a man who had been used to peeling tens and twenties from an ill-gotten roll, but Billy realized it would be honest money. "I sure will," he replied with a smile and soon was on his way.

That night Billy again attended Mission services. This night, however, he occupied a seat far in the front. He was very attentive and drank in all that St. John preached. Too, he was able to feel pieces of silver in his pocket. But his attention mostly was on the speaker. St. John finished his sermon and gave the invitation to accept Christ. Billy fairly leaped at the chance. That night he slept much better.

Then a call came for a steady job washing dishes. Billy again was first to an-

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## What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an Internal Bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true Internal Bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide Internal Bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine Internal Bath differs radically from the enema.

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## Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause of the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of high blood pressure, so-called rheumatic pains and other serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and Internal Bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick, hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

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swer. He got the job. Two weeks and he was a counterman. A return letter from his mother was filled with words of encouragement. His salary was raised. He became acquainted with a young girl—Billy was looking at the world through rose colored glasses. His boss took a liking to him and gave him two suits. Billy was making new acquaintances. He was feeling great.

Several weeks passed and St. John heard no word from Billy. Then one night St. John was leaving the Mission headquarters after the regular nightly service. He noticed one of two youths who walked past. It was Billy, and he looked as if he had been drinking. St. John called to him, but he didn't answer. But St. John didn't pursue. He knew Billy would be back. And sure enough three days later, the boy returned. There was a smell of liquor on his breath, this time. Something must have happened that was more than usual. Billy asked to use the telephone. His request was granted without question.

Then Billy unfolded his second story.

Everything had been rosy on the job. He was saving money and sending something each week to his mother. One day a customer on whom he was waiting seemed to be eyeing Billy more than casually. When he handed the customer the check, that man asked Billy to step aside. "I know who you are—you are Billy Cummings. It sure must be tough for a big racketeer, a bank robber, to be working behind a counter." Billy eyed the man and then came recognition. His tormentor was an operative for a detective agency. Billy swallowed the lump that came into his throat, and hoped for the best. He confided in the boss, who encouraged Billy and told him to forget. But, as some detectives do, he couldn't keep the real identity of Billy to himself. The news spread among Billy's new-found friends. His self-consciousness overcame his determination. Once again he was losing the grip.

"Don't let them lick you, boy. You've got the stuff," said St. John. "Snap out of it." That was all, but it was all Billy needed. He left the Mission, but that night again found him at services. Again the battle of which road. With or against the law? A fight straight ahead, or ease along the crooked path? Which?

Half hour later Billy reached a destination. He was standing in front of the man for whom he previously had worked. Right had triumphed. He was asking for the girl who had befriended him. She was only too glad. Her sister conducted an employment agency. Sure, she would speak a good word and help Billy get a job. He felt better when the interview was finished and he was on his way to work once again in another part of the city. His chest did go out, his chin went up and he would show them what's in him.

That was several months ago. Billy has work studiously. He has received two promotions and his pay envelope now is much thicker. He has been saving his money. He has a different perspective on life. He is going to go straight. He don't care now how many dicks recognize him as the Billy Cummings from back home. Hasn't a man the right to correct an error? Sure! And, Billy Cummings is doing just that.

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(Continued from page 25)

copy in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* at Paris there is a manuscript note in which the rubricator—that is, the one who did the hand illumination—says that he finished his work on the twenty-fourth of August 1456, adding thereafter, as was not unusual, the word "Alleluia." Less than thirty examples on paper and on vellum are known to exist, many of them in imperfect condition, and all copies vary slightly. With a very few exceptions they are all in public libraries.

What is the money value of a Gutenberg Bible? That is a hard question to answer. When Mr. Henry E. Huntington, certainly the greatest book collector of modern times, purchased through the late George D. Smith a vellum copy for fifty thousand dollars, he paid the highest price that up to that time had ever been given for a book. This was on Monday evening, April 24, 1911, and I well remember the round of applause which followed the fall of the auctioneer's hammer when this figure, breaking all records, was reached. But we live in days when records of all kinds are easily broken and, should such an item again come on the market, it might easily fetch several times this sum. Indeed, if we can imagine in the far-off future a Gutenberg Bible coming up for sale, some wise rich man or richly endowed museum might gladly pay a million dollars for it.

Of its emotional value it is not for me to speak. For centuries no word of it was challenged; it was regarded as a divine thing.

The first Gutenberg Bible to come to this country was the copy now in the New York Public Library, dispatched in 1847 from London by Henry Stevens to James Lenox, who had instructed his agent to buy the book—which was coming up at auction at Sotheby's—without fixing any limit. The result was that the book was purchased for him at the then "mad price" of five hundred pounds, which for a time so incensed Mr. Lenox that he was tempted to repudiate the transaction; but, as the narrator of the story says, he finally took the book home and lived to cherish it as a bargain and the chief ornament of his library.

By a coincidence I have copies of the correspondence that passed between Henry Stevens and another client, George Brinley, of Hartford, Connecticut, relative to the second Gutenberg Bible to come to this country, twenty-five years later. How Mr. Brinley, "being as prompt as the Bank of England," took the prize away from two lords who wanted the book but had no ready money, need not now concern us; the point at which I wish to arrive is this:

After an exchange of letters and cablegrams Mr. Stevens secured the book, and dispatched it, insured against all "risques," to its owner with this note of comment: "Pray, Sir, ponder for a moment and appreciate the rarity and importance of this precious consignment from the Old World to the New. Not only is it the first Bible, but it is the first book ever printed. It was read in Europe half a century before America was discovered. Please suggest to your deputy that he uncover his head while in the presence of this great

(Turn to next page)



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(Continued from page 57)

book. Let no custom house official or other man, in or out of authority, see it without first raising his hat. It is not possible for many men ever to touch or even look upon a page of a Gutenberg Bible."

Upon a Gutenberg Bible! quite so; but is it necessary? It were indeed a calamity if only those few possessors of entire Gutenberg Bibles, or those fortunate collectors who a few years ago secured from Gabriel Wells, in New York, a specimen leaf, could read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest its teachings; but no other book in the world is so generally accessible as some edition or other of the Bible.

For centuries there was—indeed, there could have been—no such thing as a national Bible, but there was what may be described as an international Bible—the Vulgate, in Latin, the language of all the scholars of Christendom.

Of Caedmon and his Saxon songs, of Bede, commonly called the Venerable, I, knowing little, shall not speak. The so-called Wyclif Bible, which dates from the end of the fourteenth century, existed only in manuscript until 1850, when it was printed in four quarto volumes.

Indeed, it is not until we come to the work of William Tyndale, who has been called the father of the English Bible, that we leave a nebulous Bibliographical world, a world of conjecture. And now that we have come at last to a printed English Bible, we have also come to a time when politics and religion joined hands with murderous results. We hear much in these days of reform within the party, but in actual fact reform, whether it be political or religion, always is forced from without. Reforms from one's self by the bootstraps—they excite our attention, but are ineffective; for this reason they are always recommended by those interested in maintaining the status quo. Never was the Church so ungodly as in the days when great and luxury-loving ecclesiastics, "corrupt and contented," forgetful of the teaching of Christ, fought like demons with one another for temporal power. As with the passage of time they lost control of the State, it was seized by another class, equally corrupt, men skilled in the law; and their decisions, however preposterous, when gravely handed down by bewigged old gentlemen, had the power of life or death upon those who heard them. It is a great game, and it seems never to be played out.

A legal decree forbade any person to translate the Bible without permission. William Tyndale found it impossible to secure this authorization. The Bishop of London, to whom he applied, would have none of him, and it may be to him that Tyndale made his famous declaration: "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth a plough to know more of the Scripture than thou dost." He was as good as his word, but of the many thousands of copies of Tyndale's New Testament which must have been printed, only three mutilated fragments of the two earliest editions are now in existence: all the others have been destroyed.

(The second part of this article by Mr. Newton will appear in an early issue)

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(Continued from page 32)

pany, the "first lady of Catalonia" and other distracted members of his distinguished family, including his two lovely daughters and the kin of his fellow prisoners. They heard the fiscal, the prosecutor, unrelentingly demand the death penalty. For several weeks it appeared almost certain that he and his fellow conspirators would end their days in the moat of historic Montjuich Castle, bloody execution field for centuries past. But wise counsel high in Spanish administrative circles prevailed. Companys' tremendous popularity with the rank-and-file of Catalans was gauged and found to be too great a force to unduly provoke. For "example's sake" stiff prison sentences were imposed upon him and his associates. They were transported to drear prisons in the north-western provinces. Photos showing the erstwhile chief executive of Catalonia in convict garb were published in the press throughout Spain. Like Dreyfus, Companys appeared to be forever banished to a prison cell.

Meanwhile the Catalans felt anew the yoke of Spanish oppression. Their hymn "Els Segadors" (The Sowers), beloved of their many fine orfeos, or choral societies, was forbidden to be sung under grave penalties. Their autonomous government was summarily ended and a governor general, appointed from Madrid, ruled over Catalonia. But the storm of Spanish politics began to get out of bounds at Madrid. Political and financial scandals rocked the nation. In one of these, the Daniel Strauss gambling concession case, the governor general who succeeded Companys as president of the Catalan Generalidad at Barcelona was forced to resign under a cloud, as were also several personages high in official life at Madrid. The "Popular Front" movement spread like a prairie fire. When the ticket which swept the polls in the February elections of 1936 was framed, autonomous government for Catalonia was made mandatory and Luis Companys was named for president of the Generalidad. The "Popular Front" carried the day throughout the nation, throughout Catalonia.

Under difficulties a fair match, even, for his diplomacy and skill, Companys has carried on under the last sixteen months of civil warfare as the head of Catalonia's state thus far recognized by Madrid and Valencia and now Barcelona as autonomous. He has had to abide lawlessness and ruthless cruelties perpetrated by forces beyond his control, beyond the control of government. But he has been enabled to exact one condition for his people: home rule for Catalonia.

If the Spanish government now centered at Barcelona becomes victorious in the present conflict, Companys will rear a mightier figure than ever before in the political life of Spain and of Catalonia. If the Franco regime, with its capital at Salamanca, gains the ascendancy and its forces take Barcelona and the eastern littoral of Spain, Companys' will be a dubious fate.

What is to be the result of all this chaos in Spain? There are several possibilities. That a period of martial law will issue from a victory by either of the contestants in the present struggle is a foregone (Turn to next page)

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(Continued from page 59)

conclusion, but in all probability that form of control will differ little from that of necessity put into effect during the flood emergency of last spring in certain of the Ohio and Mississippi Valley areas.

A Government triumph will be less likely to resolve itself into a socialized or Communistic state than it might have, let us say, nine months or a year ago. Influences as much from without as from within the republic probably will make expedient the establishment of a responsible, orderly parliamentary government, in one form or another.

On the other hand, restoration of the monarchy in a liberal form may be one result of victory by the Franco arms. It is extremely doubtful if anything resembling a totalitarian form of state will ever be seen in Spain. It does not "jibe" with the Spanish social concept nor with Spanish political philosophy nor with the intense individualism of the Spaniard, which already has defeated the extreme radical influence and control.

Business interests of the United States already are planning for the resumption of their operations in Spain. Latest surveys indicate that the damage sustained by our banking, telephone, motor, electrical, sewing-machine, motion-picture, cork and other factors maintaining Spanish affiliate companies, is considerably less than early estimates indicated. In short, basic collateral value remain generally intact. Once hostilities cease, it now appears probable, rebuilding and repairs can be effected in short order and operations begun anew. For Spain long has been one of the world's most profitable fields for American business interests.

Contrary to popular belief outside her frontiers, Spain is a land of prodigious natural resources. That fact, coupled with her strategic geographical position at the crossroads of the world's key trade routes, the North Atlantic and the Mediterranean, augurs a mighty commercial future, once her present costly civil war comes to an end. Her total area, of 196,207 square miles, is considerably less than that of our Texas (265,896 square miles), but she presents this advantage over most of the interior United States, that her agricultural and mining centers and her growing industries are all immediately accessible to splendid seaports or to overland routes to foreign markets—those of France, in particular. Besides, by racial and lingual affinity and open sea approaches, she naturally enjoys a commanding position in the southern republics of this Hemisphere and in our own Puerto Rico and the Philippines. In all these lands she long has had the benefit of preferential tariffs—in the latter two insular territories salvaged from the 1900 Paris Treaty of Peace which concluded the Spanish-American war.

No one acquainted with the Spanish nation doubts her ability to emerge from the holocaust of her latest war with every prospect of quick recovery of her normal balance. Few people in all the world equal the Spaniards for those qualities of hardihood, stamina and resiliency which will enable them to breast even the frightful decimation of the pre-war population. Of the Spaniards Bismarck once wrote: "They who ever have sought ruin, but never have found it."

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## FLOWERS PREFER BEING THEMSELVES

By Lyman White

FLOWERS, it's long been accepted, are among the most beautiful of all Nature's creations. But we learn from the flowers themselves that they don't go in much for extraordinary or excessive doling up. They don't approve of donning brand new raiment just to attract the attention of new admirers. They prefer being themselves.

This is indicated in the way flowers balk at efforts to change them. Consider the pansy. Yellow has always been one of its most natural colors. It likes being yellow and it puts up a kick when flower breeders force it to accept certain other garbs.

Other colors have been bred into the pansy, to be sure, but new varieties are usually somewhat less impressive than the giant, fragrant yellows. If flower breeders tend the pansy well and allow it to remain yellow, the blossoms grow so large and fragrant as to shame those of most other hues. But flower breeders like problems and their ingenuity has been challenged. So the drive for finer, more vigorous, more fragrant pansies in colors other than yellow has never relaxed.

All flowers are much like the pansy in this preference for natural coloration. When allowed to appear in hues suited to their own peculiar natures, they are a bit more fragrant, more vigorous and more impressive in other ways than when forced into unnatural poses. Of course, flowers in colors unnatural to them have ample vigor for satisfactory performance in the home garden. It is rather that maximum vigor, fragrance and productivity are normally associated with natural colors.

Orange sweet peas, for instance, are widely grown and admired. But orange is an unnatural color for the sweet pea. Give that flower its own way and it will wear a deep lavender color. Gardeners find lavender sweet peas more vigorous and more fragrant than any others.

While orange is an unnatural color for sweet peas, yellow is still more out of line. Apparently, the yellow variety just can't be developed. As yellow sweet peas aren't to be had, flower breeders and flower gardeners have long and untiringly sought them. Scientists at the Ferry-Morse Seed Breeding Station in California believed a few years ago that the yellow variety was about to become an actuality. After extensive study they decided to cross one of their vigorous sweet peas with yellow vetch, a distantly related plant.

Excitement ran high when the cross proved effective. Seed from the crossed plants was reaped, saved, and sown next year. The exact scene isn't reported, but very likely hearts began to bound when yellow sweet peas actually came into bloom.

Seed from the yellow flowering plants was reaped. It was guarded under lock and key until the next planting season. But when it was put in the ground it wouldn't grow, although all possible care was exercised. Seed from the unnatural yellow sweet pea was incapable of development. The sweet pea was balking. It would stand being made unnatural just so long—but no longer.



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Larkspur is its own best self in purplish blue, as we all know. Seed breeders did score something of a triumph here, however, in the development of a clear pink larkspur, the Rosamond. But nature isn't giving up without a struggle. The yield of seed from the pink variety is meager.

Marigolds' natural colors are yellow and orange for the African varieties and yellow, orange and mahogany for the French. Flower breeders haven't successfully developed any other colors in the marigold family. Gardeners the nation over rely upon the marigold for one of their year-in and year-out garden items because it is so vigorous and healthy. And that may be due to the fact that the marigold has seldom allowed itself to be forced into unnaturalness.

Scientists haven't advanced any conclusive explanation of this matter of natural colors in flowers. The situation, however, is well conceived. Many of us like the natural flower varieties, and others like the new and out-of-the-ordinary. And many more like both. Nature manages to give all flower gardeners what they want and still keep her secrets to herself.

(Continued from page 33)

Don't fool yourself by buying cheap seed. You never fool the lawn. With every pound of grass seed, we mix one-third of rye. This is why: rye grows quickly, fills in the bare spots quickly. It gives sort of a shade protection to the tender shoots of the new grass seedlings.

Now a word about cutting. Have a heart. Don't clip it so close that the roots have no shelter from the sun.

And another important thing is the watering. Mind, I say watering. Not just gentle sprinkling. Again I'll tell you why.

Grass roots have a surprising intelligence in going after water. They'll often go down several feet to find it. But also come right up to the top. When you lightly sprinkle, that's exactly what they do, and then seem to sort of forget to go back. As a result, when the sun pelts them, they shrivel up and mostly die. So, thoroughly wet your grass or don't do it at all. Don't go puttering around with a hose in your hand. Get a good efficient sprinkler and be sure to keep it going long enough in one spot, to do a real watering job.

What's that? What to do with bare spots where the grass seems to have browned and gone dead in middle of summer?

Let's not bother going into what causes it. Let's just remedy it. So rake off the dead grass, and loosen up the soil, then plant some rye and grass seed—two-thirds rye and one-third the other seed. Water it. In a couple of weeks all is well. If it wasn't for the light green of the new growth you couldn't find the former spots.

There's a thing nearly forgot. Lime. Most soil tends to grow a bit acid. So keep your lawns sweet with a light dressing of lime in the spring.

What—another thing to do, you say! Well, you want a good lawn, don't you? But cheer up, it all sounds like a lot more work than it is, for the average size lawn.

All I know is, that my lawn used to chase me. Now I chase the lawn. And we have become mighty good friends. In fact, I very much like our lawn, nowadays.

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# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR MARCH

Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.

MARCH 6

Serving with What We Have

MARK 6:1-13

WHY was there at the same time so much popularity attending the ministry of Jesus and so much violent opposition? The popularity is explained by the good which the Master accomplished for so many people and, in particular, the strange and unexpected miracles which He wrought. With the hungry fed, the sick healed, the forces of nature subdued, and even the dead raised to life, it is no wonder that the multitudes turned to Him.

But the opposition was likewise strong. It existed at two points: (1) among the ruling class, especially the priestly party and the Pharisees, who sensed in Jesus a real threat to their own leadership and power, and who resented His preaching of truth which was contrary to their own interpretation; (2) among His nearest of kin and neighbors in Nazareth, who at least twice made it known that they did not follow Him.

The following points stand out in the first section of the passage (1-6):

1. Jesus followed His usual custom of attendance on the services in the synagogue, and of teaching the truth to those present.

2. His neighbors in Nazareth were impressed that what He said was out of the ordinary, and they knew of His miraculous power, but they could see no reason for its presence in one whom they had known for thirty years.

3. We note the names of four brothers of Jesus, and reference to His sisters. It is commonly accepted that Jesus had four "brethren," James, Joseph (Joses), Simon, and Judas, and at least three sisters.

4. Jesus used the now familiar and much-quoted saying, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house."

5. The prejudiced attitude of His brethren and neighbors kept Jesus from performing any great deeds in Nazareth, for faith was an essential of His ministry.

The second section of the lesson (7-13) introduces a new element into the public ministry of Jesus. It is the part to be taken by others in carrying the gospel message. By this time Jesus was aware of the growing opposition which would cut off His ministry before He could complete it, so He multiplied His usefulness by sending forth six "gospel teams," to reach more people and to train the disciples in working without His physical presence.

1. Their mission was twofold—to preach and to perform miracles of healing. 2. They were given authority over unclean spirits. The close connection between physical healing and spiritual blessing is still an important factor in missionary work. 3. Their dependence was to be on the hospitality of those whom they reached. Therefore, material equipment was to be of the simplest sort. 4. There was to be

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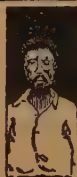
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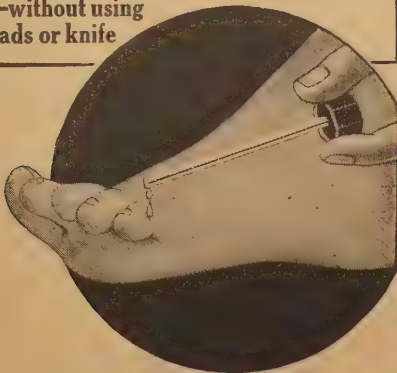
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blessing and fellowship among those who received these missionaries, but in case any refused to accept them rebuke and a testimony against the inhospitable persons would follow.

No class or student should miss the point that elaborate equipment is not necessary to do acceptable service for Christ. To use what one has today is the only basis of accomplishment of today's tasks.

### Questions for Class Discussion

1. What lessons do you learn from Jesus' presence and participation in the synagogue?
2. What powers today will gain a hearing comparable to the disciples' power over unclean spirits?
3. What are the dangers of "serving with what we have"?

MARCH 13

### Feeding the Hungry

MARK 6:30-44

THE miracle of the feeding of the five thousand is notable for at least two reasons: (1) it is the only miracle recorded by all the Gospel writers; (2) it is "distinctly a physical miracle incapable of natural explanation," not to be explained by the influence of mind over matter—an attempt sometimes made in the case of other miracles.

1. A report on the experiences of the first mission was expected and eagerly given. How anxious the Master must have been to hear the Twelve tell of their successes and their failures!

2. Mark uses the word *apostles* for the first time. The Twelve were *disciples* when Jesus was teaching and they were learning; *apostles* when they went forth in service.

3. The time of retreat and quiet is as important as the time of activity and effort.

4. Every Christian should welcome opportunities to retire for frequent conference with other workers.

5. The disciples found that their success, like that of the Master, brought crowds of followers to throng them. "This period (just before the second Passover) marks the culminating point of Jesus' popularity. But the tide was about to turn."

6. The eagerness of the people to be near the Master and His disciples accounts for their journey on foot around the end of the Sea of Galilee to the northeast shore, while the smaller company went across the sea in a boat.

7. Whether the disciples were annoyed or pleased at seeing the multitude is not known, but Jesus was moved with compassion because they were as sheep without a shepherd, needing leadership but having none.

8. The disciples' method for disposing of the situation, which involved a hungry, eager multitude, was to send them away unsatisfied; Jesus' method was to keep them there and satisfy them.

9. The chance of imparting spiritual food to one who is physically hungry is not good until the hunger is appeased. The social service activities of the church find here a great basis for their usefulness.

10. Small resources placed in the hands of an able Master and administered by

(Continued on page 66)

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*It is on you these unfortunates depend; many of them misfits in life's struggle, many of them in but temporary distress. The poor shuffling, muttering man that passes you on the city's streets is one of these lost ones; the boy who has dared to face life on his own is one of these lost ones; the old man living far beyond the usefulness of his life is one of these lost ones—may we help them?*

FROM every corner of the country from every condition of life come the men of the Bowery. With no jobs to be had in their own town they have come to New York as a last hope. New York has failed them, broken their spirit and their health. Far from friends and family they have lost their incentive, their desire to be respectable citizens and Christians.

homeless and the weak: giving food and shelter to the homeless, giving strength and courage to the weak. Many of the homeless have been sent back home—that's what we like most to do: send boys back home. We have had many letters expressing the gratitude of parents whose boys have come back when they had lost all hope of ever seeing them again.

The Bowery Mission offers a place of refuge—a substitute for home—to the weary and heartsick. Its reading room, its Chapel offer peace and comfort after a long day of fruitless search for work. The Mission's Labor Bureau is ever on the outlook for jobs but they are few and far between these days.

The long line of the hungry has grown longer these last few months—the pleas for beds far out-number the Mission's beds, but we can always find a place somewhere: a bench in the Chapel is better than a bench in the park. But for the sympathy and understanding of Christian friends the hungry would go unfed and the homeless find no shelter against the winter's cold.

Who knows but among these shabby, unhappy men there may be found one who is your neighbor's son. If he has come to this city and not found the work he sought, he is in danger; his path may eventually lead him to the Bowery, for in his desire to hide from the eyes of men, he will seek the level of his shabbiness.

When the man from a small town is in trouble in the big city, he is exposed to dangers against which he does not know how to protect himself. His longing for companionship often gets him into bad company; his misery makes him an easy victim to temptation.

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(Continued from page 64)

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### Questions for Class Discussion

1. Why were the multitudes so eager to be near to Jesus?
2. Who, in our day, may be likened to the disciples in their attitude of wishing to disperse the multitude?
3. What responsibility has the church today for hungry multitudes?
4. What do you think Jesus would do with hunger and poverty were He here today?

MARCH 20

### Keeping the Body Strong

MARK 6:53-56; JUDGES 13:12-14; I COR. 3:16, 17; ROM. 12:1, 2

A SORRY situation exists today when the billboards, the newspapers, the radio, and other media of advertising give the lie to what is taught in the schools and what is known to be scientific fact. What is a child or youth to believe when he learns in school that "alcohol in all strengths and under practically all experimental and so-called natural conditions can be shown to exert a depressant effect on the tissues of the nervous system" (Dr. Haven Emerson, *Alcohol: Its Effect on Man*), but when he steps to the street he sees a commercial billboard with an attractive poster declaring that "whiskey is the best stimulant for early spring days," or hears over the radio that "no meal is complete without Whoosit's Ale"?

Meanwhile alcohol has not changed. It is the same devastating force that it ever was, working ill to the human body, never failing to leave its mark.

One thesis on which to build health education is this: *If you want a strong body, with your powers as God intended them to be, keep away from alcohol.*

The Alcohol Investigation Committee, reporting to the British government, issued a handbook of suggestions on health education to the teachers of Great Britain. This handbook says in part: "The action of alcohol is to depress the functions of the brain from above downward in the reverse of their development in the individual and in the race. Among these successive steps the following may be noted: (They may well be the basis for much of the class discussion.)

"1. Blunting of self-criticism, with such resulting effects as (a) inaccurate workmanship in regard to mathematical calculations or such handiwork as shorthand and typewriting; (b) uncritical self-satisfaction of the individual with his work and actions; (c) disregard of occurrences and conditions normally requiring caution of act and word; (d) trespass upon rules and conventions previously respected; (e) impaired appreciation of the passage of time; (f) talkativeness; (g) an argumentative frame of mind, quarrelsomeness.

"2. Interference with the performance of skilled movements. This is indicated by clumsiness of behavior, by the slurring of words, and by insecure muscular control.

"3. The blunting of the senses—of hearing, taste, touch, and vision.

"4. The display of the primary emotions. Anger may be displayed at one moment, affection at another; similarly

with boisterousness and depression, laughter and tears.

"5. The failure to respond to external stimulation and the eventual lapse into a heavy sleep." (Quoted from a leaflet of the Social Service Committee, Northern Baptist Convention.)

*Alcohol is not a medicine.* "Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, head of Battle Creek Sanitarium, denies that alcohol is ever useful as a medicine because it never increases the vital energy of the body, but decreases it in a marked and uniform manner; it is never a tonic or stimulant but always a narcotic, lessening the nerve tone and vital energy; that it never increases the energy of the heart, and that it increases the liability to infectious diseases; that it is not a specific remedy for any disease." (Quoted from *Prohibition Facts*.)

The four passages for consideration teach respectively:

1. The blessing of Jesus was freely given to those who were ill in body. He wanted them to be well, and every Christian should wish his body to be strong and fit for the work to be done.

2. Samson was a child of promise, destined to be of great strength and character. It was fitting that the angel of God, in giving directions to the mother of such a child, should include abstinence from strong drink as a requisite.

3. Paul refers to the body as the temple of God. To defile it with anything unworthy is to court the wrath of the Father.

4. Paul's whole plan of life was based on separation from worldly things. Modern application of this principle certainly would include abstinence from strong drink of any kind.

MARCH 27

### Correcting Wrong Ideas of Religion

MARK 7:1-13

THE great question to be discussed in every class, with these verses from Mark 7 as a background, is this: What features of religious observance today may be classed as *traditions* or *forms* which, when adhered to, substitute human rules and interpretations for the basic spiritual designs of God? In other words, this lesson seeks to discover situations similar to those existing in Jesus' day, and to apply to them the same direct teaching which came from Jesus' lips.

At the very time when Jesus' public popularity was at its height, the opposition to Him developed. So powerful was it, and so intent on gaining its ends that the Master, seeing the inevitable end approaching, began to shape His plans accordingly. From Jerusalem to Galilee came certain scribes and Pharisees to embarrass the Saviour's work. "Why do your disciples eat bread with defiled (i.e., unwashed) hands?" they asked. "The objection did not mean that the followers of Jesus ate with hands that were physically unclean. It meant that these disciples had neglected the ceremonial washings which were required by the Jewish traditions. These traditions consisted in the collected interpretations of the Old Testament Law, which had been given by the rabbis. To the mind of the Pharisees they had come to be of more importance and authority than the very words of



God. To neglect these requirements was, to these old formalists, the most serious of sins." (Erdman, *The Gospel of Mark*.)

Verses 3 and 4 give a parenthetical explanation of the insistence of the Jews on that point. Mark inserted this for the sake of Gentile readers. There were even two kinds of washing—pouring water over the hands, or dipping them into water to the wrists. "Dipping the hands was performed before meals, washing at meal times." The intricacies of their observance is demonstrated in the reference to the washing of cups, pots, other vessels, and the couches on which they reclined at meals.

The answer of Jesus was typical of Him. He referred to a passage from the prophecy of Isaiah to which they could take no exception. The passage (Isa. 29:13) is not quoted verbatim but is paraphrased and its meaning clearly shown: Lip-service is no substitute for heart-service; and those who follow the doctrines of men do not indeed worship God, for such legalism is not worship.

From this counter-charge by which the Pharisees themselves were put on the defensive, Jesus went to a well-known and clear example. Moffatt's translation gives it thus (10-13): "Moses said, *Honour your father and mother, and He who curses his father or mother is to suffer death.* But you say that if a man tells his father or mother, 'This money might have been at your service, but it is Corban' (that is dedicated to God), he is exempt, so you hold, from doing anything for his father or mother. That is repealing the word of God in the interests of the tradition which you keep up. And you do many things like that!"

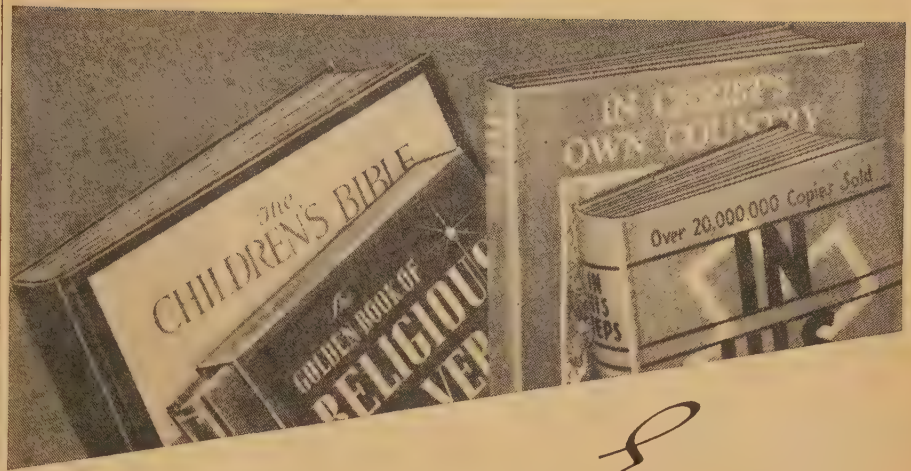
The way this worked out was that by following the tradition of "Corban" a man might allow his parents to suffer and he not be bound to help them, the tradition taking precedence over the Fifth Commandment and the law of love.

Christians of today are by no means free from the same hypocrisy. The repetition of religious formulas in English or any other language, the recital of a creed, the assumption of a fixed posture in prayer, the giving of financial support to the church, liberal donations to charities and to uplift agencies, and many other common practices—even membership in the church itself—may and often do become substitutes for that inspired Christian experience which proceeds from the heart and knows only what is pleasing to an approachable, near-at-hand Father.

It is not religion that is to be reviewed and tested, but our ideas about religion, some of which may defeat the best purposes of God.

#### Questions for Class Discussion

1. Why did Jesus choose to inflame the hatred of the Pharisees rather than to ignore their charges?
2. What rules of health, helpful in themselves, are being used today in such a manner as to become substitutes for religion?
3. What values attach to formalism in worship?
4. Can you think of any current illustration which would parallel the one given by Jesus (10-13) and make the same point?



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(Continued from page 41)

eled in two arabas; and I had chosen, with the skill of experience, I thought, a driver who seemed intelligent and trustworthy. I was greatly concerned that the missionary's driver looked like a brigand.

Before the first day ended, my Turk rebelled against escorting a woman, and diverging from our own route. There followed a real row, which ended by my turning our caravan back to Eregli, where I had the offending driver put in jail. In the meantime, the missionary's expected escort arrived, and I took over her "brigand" driver, who drove me to Tarsus with cheerfulness and skill.

*Save us from the superficial, O Lord. In our day by day living may we not judge easy judgments, or be controlled by outward appearances. Amen.*

TUESDAY, MARCH 15

### A PREACHER'S "FIRSTS"

A GOOD MINISTER.  
READ I. TIM. 4:1-16.

OUR Beloved Fisherman, a superannuated minister, was recalling his experiences in a new mountain charge. "My first-convert, my first baptism, my first wedding and my first funeral, were all of the same young woman." What a dramatic summary!

It revealed how intertwined is a pastor's work with all the vital experiences of human life. His is the most sacred of all callings; and for it he can be fitted only by an ever-fresh experience of personal relationship with God.

*Great Over-Shepherd, we pray for all pastors today. Give them hearts ever tender and strong. Reward them with the ceaseless conviction that they serve the Lord Christ. Amen.*

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16

### MY BLIND NEIGHBOR

THERewith TO BE CONTENT.  
READ PHIL. 4:9-13.

ON THE station platform the other day, I found one of my neighbors and friends, an elderly woman who has lost her sight, standing, with ever-radiant face, waiting for the train. I congratulated her on her courage in travel.

"When you spoke to me, I was just thanking the Lord that everything is so easy for me. I'm going to New York to visit my son. The taxi man brought me here and carried my bag. The conductor will put me on the train, and help me off at the junction, where a redcap will put me on the New York train, and Sam will be waiting for me when I arrive in New York.

That's the Christian spirit for you—no fear, no worry, but only a grateful recognition of the good hand of our God.

*So often we are blind in our spirits, dear Father, and do not see the blessings with which Thou hast dowered our days. Open our eyes to Thy bounty. Amen.*

THURSDAY, MARCH 17

### MILADY MAKES READY

BE YE ALSO READY  
READ MATT. 24:42-51.

WHEN these words are read, Milady and I will have been many weeks in Bible Lands. For more than a month she has been making ready.

These crowded weeks of anticipation and preparation are really a part of the travel experience. For we live while getting ready to live.

For the longest journey of all, we should be preparing; and that dominant thought will hallow all of the present. Earthly homes are dearest to those who take thought of "our long home."

*In a prepared time, we, Thy prepared children, will go to the prepared place which our Lord has made ready. So make us good citizens of two worlds, we pray. Amen.*

FRIDAY, MARCH 18

### INTENTION AND ATTENTION

AS HE THAT SERVETH.  
READ LUKE 22:24-30.

MANY good intentions perish from lack of attention. Spirituality is prone to disappear unless it is given hands and feet. Whatever word of wisdom we entertain should be accompanied by the Master's "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only."

I know a man who dwells habitually in the clouds of meditation. But he seems to have no time for people. His religion is introspective and contemplative; but it rarely connects with the hard facts of everyday reality. He needs a vision of Jesus on the move, ministering tirelessly to all sorts of common people.

*Master, master us so completely that we shall be followers of Thy example as friendly helpers of the persons all about us. Amen.*

SATURDAY, MARCH 19

### THE TALKATIVE BARBER

COMPEL THEM TO COME IN.  
READ LUKE 14:15-24.

IN AN Atlantic City hotel I fell into the hands of a talkative barber, who undertook to convert me to the idea that "all kids should go to Sunday School."

When he learned of my interest, he told me of a fellow-barber he had known in Philadelphia who had never seen a Bible, and had never been in a church. This pagan had asked one day, "What's this Christmas all about?" When my barber told him the Story, he refused to believe it until the Bible was brought and the Story read.

Religious pioneering is not limited to Africa or Asia: wherever there is a boy or girl out of Sunday School, there Christian opportunity beckons.

*Constrain us, O Master, as Thou didst Thy disciples, of old, to go out and bring*



others into the Kingdom. Give us a special concern for youth. Amen.

SUNDAY, MARCH 20

### JOE GOES TO CHURCH

WHO HATH BELIEVED OUR REPORT?  
READ ISA. 53:1-12.

I TOLD yesterday of a talkative barber and his friend, Joe. One Sunday the two men were together in a club, and they talked religion. Joe, who had never been inside a church, proposed that they go out and visit the first church they should come to.

As they came out, Joe's comment was "That Fellow"—meaning Jesus—"must have been a good guy."

Joe went back to the same church for more. He's now a member, and an active Christian worker.

That pagan barber's comment upon Christ, in all its crudity, sticks as a sincere tribute: "That Fellow must have been a good Guy."

*We would be introducers of men to the wisdom of Christ, our Father; that His character may win them to discipleship. Amen.*

MONDAY, MARCH 21

### SOIL AND FRUIT

OUT OF THE GOOD TREASURE OF HIS HEART.  
READ LUKE 6:36-45.

PIOUS thoughts are not enough in themselves; but they are the soil out of which grows the fruit of service.

We read, in *The Religious Digest*, that the income of the American people in 1936 was fifty-one per cent more than in 1932. Forty-one per cent more was spent at the theaters, forty-eight per cent more for cigarettes, and 317 per cent more for beer. But there was thirty per cent less given to the churches, twenty-nine per cent less to benevolences, and eighteen per cent to colleges.

All this means less that something is wrong with the world's pocketbooks than that something is wrong with the world's hearts and minds.

*We crave symmetry of life, our Heavenly Father. Incite in us a sense of balance in our living. Forbid that we should be second-rate spirits, putting first-rate interests last. Amen.*

TUESDAY, MARCH 22

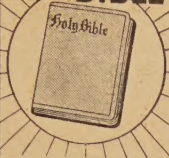
### "HE'S A DEAD ONE"

MORE ABUNDANTLY.  
READ JOHN 10:17-18.

LITTLE four-year-old Ducky is my favorite preacher. The sermon I get from him oftenest—constantly, in truth,—is upon the glory and power of being all alive. Every one of his capacities seems to function to the full. His alert body and his active mind are the first of his many charms.

We who are older are prone to slump, physically, mentally, spiritually. We can scarcely keep up Ducky's pace of all-aliveness. That is why the world has a  
(Continued on page 70)

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(Continued from page 69)

familiar designation for the unvital person: "He's a dead one." To be dead in any faculty while still physically alive is nothing but tragedy.

*Thou hast promised more abundant life, O Master; forbid that we should refuse Thy gift. Make us all alive while we live, and alive to all of life. Amen.*

## WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23

## AUTOMOBILES AT CHURCH

AN HIGHWAY SHALL BE THERE.  
READ ISA. 35:1-10.

IN SWARTHMORE the authorities have had to make the street in front of our church a one-way thoroughfare on Sunday mornings, so great is the congestion of church-going automobiles. The church itself is nowadays crowded as thickly as the street outside.

Many preachers have railed at the automobile as a deterrent of worship. Yet the other side is true also: cars enlarge the bounds of every parish, and increase the opportunities of service. There is no invention in all our wonderful world that may not be consecrated to the glory of God.

*Throughout all of life Thou art building, O Lord, highways for the progress of Thy kingdom. May we not misuse them, or miss their highest purpose. Amen.*

## THURSDAY, MARCH 24

## PLANTING MEMORIES

TRAIN UP A CHILD.  
READ PROV. 22:1-6.

BARBARA and her father spent last Christmas Day with us at Sleighton Farm, where on every Christmas for more than a quarter of a century I have spoken to about five hundred girls in this model reform school. Such wholesale Christmas happiness as those girls manifested could hardly be duplicated in all the world.

Keen-minded Barbara looked and listened in wonder. Here was something outside the pale of her experience. Barbara's Christmases for all of her life to come will be tinged by memories of this glad, great day. And planting memories in children's minds is the most important part of all education.

*O wise Father of us all, teach us the art of teaching children the lessons that will permanently enrich life. Amen.*

## FRIDAY, MARCH 25

## MILADY'S NEW GLASSES

FULL OF GOOD WORKS.  
READ ACTS 9:36-43.

SOME months ago, in one of these Meditations, I rather poked fun at Milady for her habit of mislaying her glasses. One reader, an elderly woman who had outgrown her glasses with a gold chain, sent them to Milady, whose eyes they wonderfully fitted, and she has worn them ever since. Every few days she

heaps blessings on the head of the donor.

Some folk are richly endowed with the Christian grace of sharing. And their own lives are enlarged; for there is a paradox in heavenly mathematics to the effect that increase comes not by addition but by division.

*Great Giver of Thyself, and of all life, we pray that Thy sharing Spirit may animate our lives. Amen.*

## SATURDAY, MARCH 26

## BEARING WITNESS

YE SHALL BE WITNESSES.  
READ ACTS 1:1-9.

I HAVE been trying to persuade a well-organized Christian group to incite its membership to take up the great and essential task of bearing public witness for God and righteousness, especially by writing to the editors of the publications they read.

If one's newspaper does or does not give adequate attention to religion, for instance, say so. Let us make vocal the convictions of decent, God-fearing folk.

For Jesus said, "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me."

*In most modern ways, and with tireless fidelity, we would testify for Thee, our Father and our God. We pray that we may be on the side of Thy kingdom. Amen.*

## SUNDAY, MARCH 27

## THE QUAKER'S PROTEST

NO MAN CARED FOR MY SOUL.  
READ PSALM 142.

FROM a veteran missionary in China, a gentle, efficient Quaker, I had a note the other day, urging that America stop supplying Japan with oil and iron and money, to be used in the devastation of China. His quiet spirit was aroused by the savage horrors he had witnessed; and he felt clearly that Christian America should do something about it.

Another letter, from a famous missionary physician in Shanghai, recited his own experiences; called to Christians in the homeland to make vocal and practical their moral sentiments.

China will survive, and one day triumph; but what will be her judgment of a supine and indifferent Christendom?

*Help us to hate that which is evil, O righteous Lord. In a cruel, bloodthirsty, lustful day, may all Thy children be found active in righteousness. Amen.*

## MONDAY, MARCH 28

## THE THREEFOLD PROMISE

I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.  
READ JOHN 14:1-7.

STAGGERING statements of the Saviour sometimes lose their force by familiarity. Thomas à Kempis puts fresh understanding into a famous threefold promise:

"Follow thou Me; 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' Without the Way, there is no going; without the Truth,

there is no knowing; without the Life, there is no Living. I am the Way, which thou oughtest to follow; the Truth, which thou oughtest to trust; the Life, which thou oughtest to hope for. . . .

*Refresh our eyes, O God, that we may behold how wonderful is Thy word. May it be to us a daily precept for practice. Amen.*

## TUESDAY, MARCH 29

## JUST WAITING

WITH LONG LIFE WILL I SATISFY HIM.  
READ PSALM 91.

LAST evening I called on two friends, dear old ladies past ninety, who are just waiting to be called home—but very much alive while they wait. They cannot come downstairs; but I noticed on the table a Bible, a radio and a current book. They are alert to both time and eternity.

What a service to the restless era is done by contented old age! Theirs is the final demonstration of the Christian religion.

*We look with gratitude upon Thy venerable servants, our Father, who have proved Thee through long years, and have never known Thee to fail. Amen.*

## WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30

## HE TOOK A BACK SEAT

WITH RESPECT TO PERSONS.  
READ JAMES 2:1-10.

AN ACQUAINTANCE of mine, came from a small city, to take a job in the big city. On the first Sunday he asked a policeman to direct him to a church of his own denomination, and the most aristocratic one in the city was pointed out to him. He went early to service.

When the regular occupants of the pew arrived, "You'd have thought he was poison. He got up and sat in the back."

We may imagine the difference that would have been made in that man's life had he been welcomed to church as a brother.

*Especially in Thy house, O Father, may we "love the brethren," leaving outside all pride of place. Amen.*

## THURSDAY, MARCH 31

## THOSE STUDENT BLUNDERS

WHEREWITHAL?  
READ PSALM 119:9-16.

IN GODLY old Virginia, says *World Religious News*, a questionnaire was sent to more than eighteen thousand high school students. Answers showed that sixteen thousand could not name three Old Testament prophets, twelve thousand could not name the four Gospels.

I wonder in how many families where these words are read there is anything like systematic Bible teaching?

*The entrance of Thy word giveth light," and we know the reason for so much intellectual darkness in our times. God forgive us, and amend us. Amen.*



(Continued from page 29)

around the Corner? From an architectural standpoint it isn't worth any interest—indeed, structurally it is almost ugly. But there is no church in New York in which you will feel a stronger desire to pray. For you can sense the love of builders and worshipers which have blended into an atmosphere that is as puzzling but as pervading as a perfume.

And that is the secret of a beautiful church. Not that every church has been built upon a love foundation—I don't mean that. But the classic designs of church structure—particularly Gothic—are the expression in stone and wood of a love which is stronger even than the building.

Did you ever read the story of the great cathedral builders? They came out of the enthusiasm of the Middle Ages. Europe for five hundred years lived on in what we call the Dark Ages. And then life took on new vigor. Beauty, artistry, philosophy and scholarship—all these were born again. Society awoke to a new fineness, to a delicacy which tried to find satisfaction in knighthood and chivalry. It was like the freshness and glory of a spring day after the drab darkness of winter.

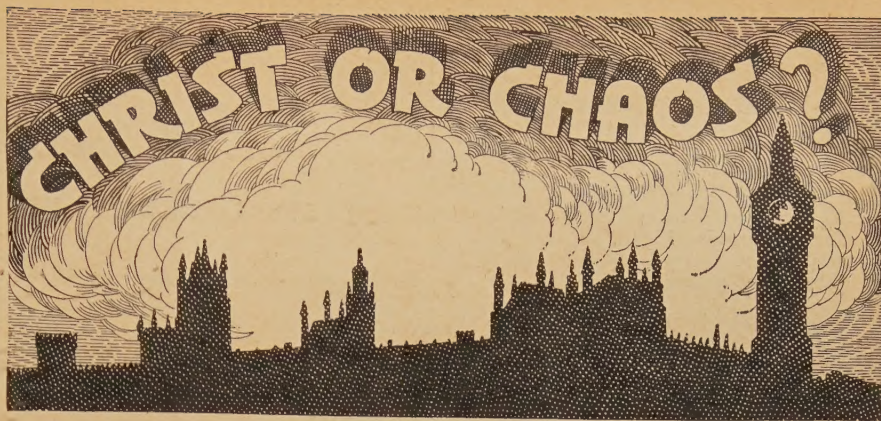
And men thanked God for the sunlight in their hearts. They built Him a house of habitation. The result was the great cathedrals which raised their strong towers and graceful pinnacles over the cities of Europe. Even the old forms of design were cast aside. They evolved a new architecture, using stone and granite instead of wood, and perhaps finding inspiration in the vaulted archways of their great forests. Oh, I know it was money and authority that built them; but it was something more—it was the love in men's hearts for God. . . .

It is good for us to go into a beautiful church, to study the century-long developments of man's effort to express his devotion to God. Then to sit down in that place and ask the question "What of me?"

Oh, can't we see, once a man or woman begins the Christian life there is no turning back, no half-way stopping place, no compromise that can excuse itself, no private room in our souls where we can say to Jesus "You must not enter here." It is all for Him, every bit of it—for you, all of you, "are the temple of the Holy Spirit."

It is not just when you are in church. On Monday you go to work, the hours of the day will be spent in office, school, outdoors. But during those hours, in the things you do—you are the Temple of the Holy Spirit. God does not come to you for an hour a week—you are the temple, the dwelling place, the permanent habitation, the home of God.

And they labored for centuries designing the great church; oh, what of us, that God should choose our hearts, a house of habitation to dwell in? Then study the great church, its vaulted ceiling, its sculpture and tracery, its glorious woodwork and stone; understand its effort, its sacrifice and love—and then come out, down the steps and into the streets of the world. And by your life and His Spirit in it, sanctify those streets, offices and homes. Let men and God find in us such beauty, such devotion and glory as befits His Temple.



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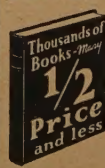
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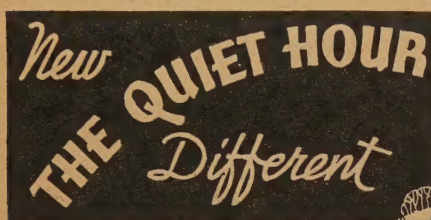
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# After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



### Tougher Foes

One night in England, during the American Civil War, Henry Ward Beecher was telling a huge crowd about the progress of the Union armies. A man jumped up and cried out, "If your Union armies are doing such valiant service, how is it that you are so long in conquering the South?" "Because we are fighting Americans, and not Englishmen," retorted Beecher. The man sat down.

### Not a Serious Obstacle

As Dr. Samuel F. Upham, of New York, was standing on a platform waiting for a train, a man with a wild look in his eye came up to him and inquired, "Sir, are you a Christian?" "A Christian?" said the Doctor. "I am a professor in a Theological Seminary." "Oh," said the other, "don't let that stand in your way."

### Take Your Pick

First boarder: Those cakes are as hard as stone.

Second boarder: I know it. Didn't you hear the landlady say "take your pick" when she handed them around?

—Dakota Scientist

### And Don't Have To

Home is where you can scratch any place that itches.

—Battalion

### The Reason

Visitor Moth—How's your cold, this morning?

Farmer Eaton—It's very stubborn.

Visitor Moth—How's your wife?

Farmer Eaton—She's about the same—that's why I'm gettin' breakfast.

—Exchange

### Excelsior

"Sarah, you'll have to stop feedin' that cow on shredded wheat. It's dangerous."

"Why is it dangerous, Eph?"

"Well, this mornin' at milkin' she pretty near chewed my whiskers off."

—Kablegrams

### His Money's Worth

Sunday Morning Customer—Give me change for a dime, please.

Druggist—Sure, and I hope you enjoy the sermon.

—Exchange

### That's an Easy One

Botany Teacher—Where do we find mangoes?

Pupil—Where woman goes.

—Exchange

### Shhhh!

Frosh: "Transfer, please."

Conductor: "Where to?"

Frosh: "Can't tell you. It's a surprise party."

—Lark

### Aunt Lizzie's Love Advice

Advice to Co-eds: If you are looking for a real thrill, try kissing a man with hiccoughs.

—Skipper

### Suit-ably Dressed

Judge: "Have you ever appeared as a witness before?"

Witness: "Yes, your honor."

Judge: "In what suit?"

Witness: "My blue serge."

—Brown Jug

### Technique

Gentleman (at police station): "Could I see the man who was arrested for robbing our house last night?"

Desk Sergeant: "This is very irregular. Why do you want to see him?"

Gentleman: "I don't mind telling you. I only want to ask him how he got in the house without awakening my wife."

—Lamphoon

### He Wants to Know

Willie—Please, Teacher, what did I learn today?

Teacher—Why, Willie, what a peculiar question!

Willie—Well, that's what they'll ask me when I get home.